Shorties!
The Best of The Graphic Short Story Prize
2007 - 2011
Cadwell
TheObserver
COMICA
LONDON INTERNATIONAL COMICS FESTIVAL

www.capegraphicnovels.co.uk

Contents

Introduction	*5*
Laurie J. Proud	*6*
Jason Synnott	*12*
Anna Mill & Luke Jones	*18*
Scott Dessert	*24*
Joff Winterhart	*30*
Jim Medway	*36*
James Stewart	*42*
Vivien McDermid	*48*
Stilly	*54*
Finn Dean & Samuel Green	*60*
Nick Llewellyn	*66*
Julian Hanshaw	*70*
Catherine Brighton	*74*
Stephen Collins	*77*
Ant Blades	*82*
Adam Cadwell	*88*
Birta Thrastardottir	*90*
A.J. Poyiadgi	*96*
Faye Moorhouse	*102*
Olu Oke & Michael O'Kelly	*108*
Isabel Greenberg	*114*

Introduction

The graphic novel has finally come of age. After a slow and uncertain birth over thirty years ago, and more than one false dawn, there now exists a substantial canon of work of such excellent quality and variety that we can safely say that we have reached the beginning of the golden age of the graphic-novel form. Referred to as the Ninth Art in France for many decades, the comics medium is at last gaining mainstream acceptance as a valid art form in Britain. As a medium for communication, education and entertainment, it holds its own against any other art form, thanks to its ability to transmit complex information simply and directly through the unique alchemy that occurs when words and images are combined in the service of sequential art.

Graphic novels have been embraced by many prestigious mainstream UK book publishers and Jonathan Cape has been the vanguard of this new wave, producing many of the best works in the form and actively encouraging new talent. The Jonathan Cape/Observer/Comica graphic short story prize has been running for five years, discovering and publishing the writers and artists of the future, and it's my pleasure now to welcome you to a virtual exhibition of the very best of the entries.

Enjoy!

— **Bryan Talbot**
Writer and artist of comics, illustrations and graphic novels including Alice in Sunderland, Grandville *and* Grandville: Mon Amour.

Laurie J. Proud

Laurie J. Proud was born in Newcastle and currently lives in Hove, East Sussex. His collection of graphic short stories, *Peepholes*, is published by Blank Slate books. The following story is entitled *Aubrey*.

www.lauriejproud.com

I don't remember exactly why, but it was sometime after the second world war that we moved to the south coast.

Dad was depressed and didn't come out of the shed much.

There was this boy in the neighbourhood who had a big head.
He couldn't speak properly and that made him scary to us kids.

We called him Aubrey because he was in a shop once asking for something and it sounded like 'orb-reee'.

We made up stories about him; that he came from a family of circus freaks...

...that he roamed about at night, climbed rooftops and ate seagulls.

We used to play around a derelict works on our bikes and sometimes we'd see Aubrey there. We started to imagine he lived there.

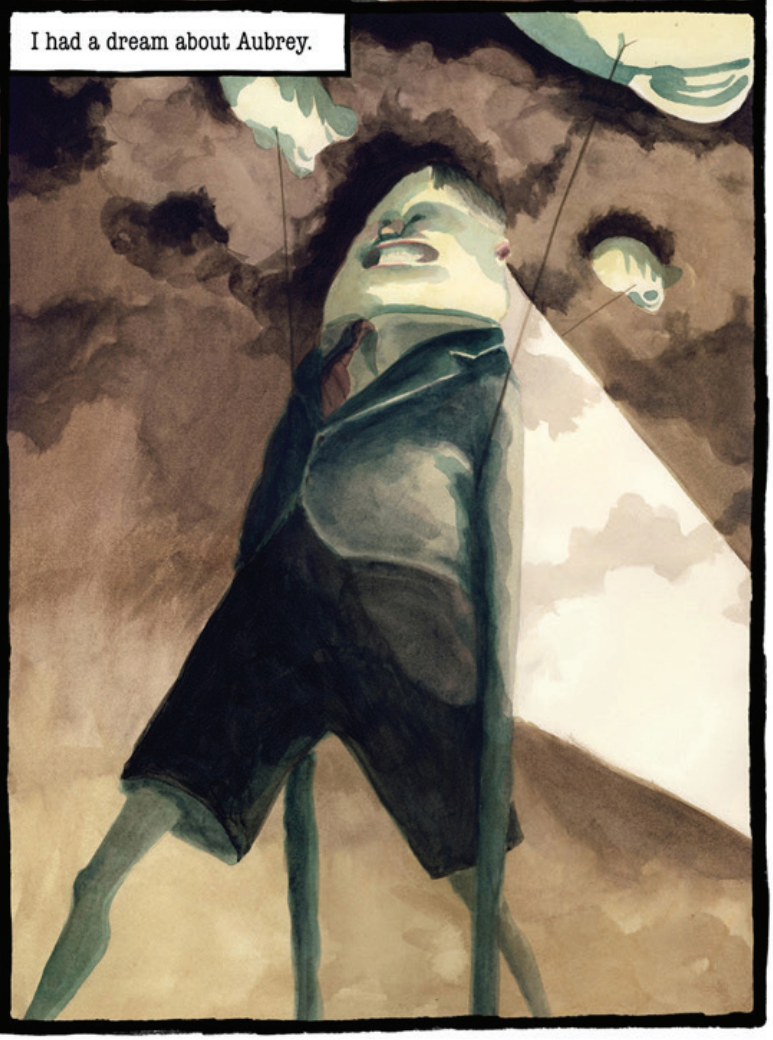
A boy from our school went missing and we joked that Aubrey had taken him and hidden him in the derelict works.

I found some dirty postcards there once, dropped on the ground.

I started to take a few but then i got scared that Aubrey was watching.

I think i started to believe he really did live there.

I had a dream about Aubrey.

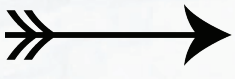


He was crushing these horrible seagull creatures with his tricycle.

When i woke up i thought Aubrey was in my room, but it was still part of the dream.

We moved away in 1948 after Dad went mad and burned the shed down.

I don't know what happened to Aubrey.



Jason Synnott

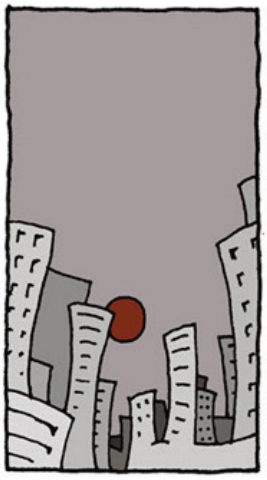
Jason Synnott is an artist, author and illustrator whose work has appeared all over the world, although he's happiest at home scribbling.

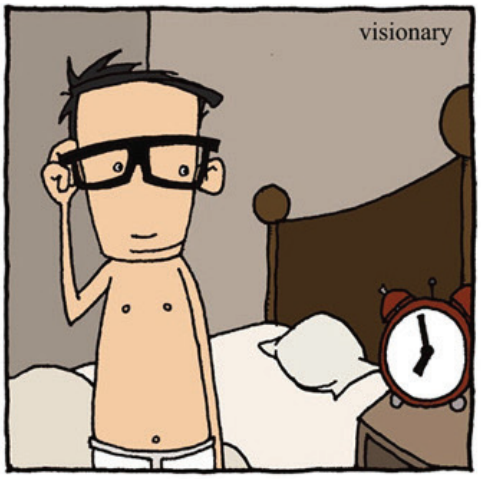
jasonsynnottillustration.com

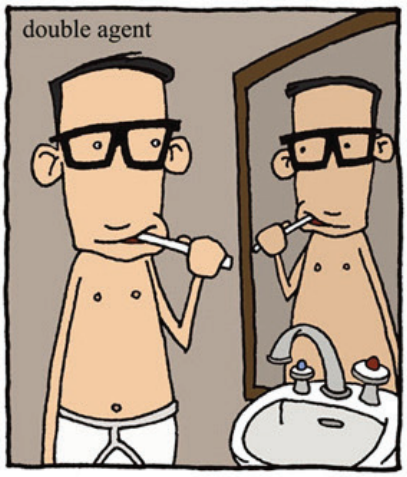
ordinary bob*

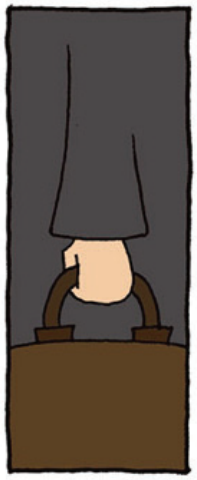
* the incredible adventures of,

J.





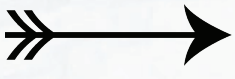




DONT WALK
leader
man among men
FREE
thinker
CONSUME
B
SILENT
DIE
sheep
ACT FAST
BUY NOW!
JUST DO IT
no
protester
BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS
K. VONNEGUT
CIRCLE LINE
revolutionary
outsider
M.O.D
MINISTRY OF DEFENSE
insider
DEPTARTMENT OF EXPERIMENTAL LINGUISTICS
worker

nice weekend ?
working
what ?
practical water-boarding seminar
tedious...
free booze
I'm re-wording this field manual
need a hand ?
ok
innocent bystanders ? any ideas ?
potential protagonists ?
nice
phosphorous rounds ?
sparklers ?
tick
stress positions ?
American yoga ?
like it
kidnapping, rendition ?
Relocation Relocation
starvation ? humiliation ?
haha...
America's next top model ?
post traumatic stress disorder ?
um...
impaired cognition ?
er...
brain damage ?
Dr. Who
nice one Bob.
monday
tuesd
we
thu
frida
friday

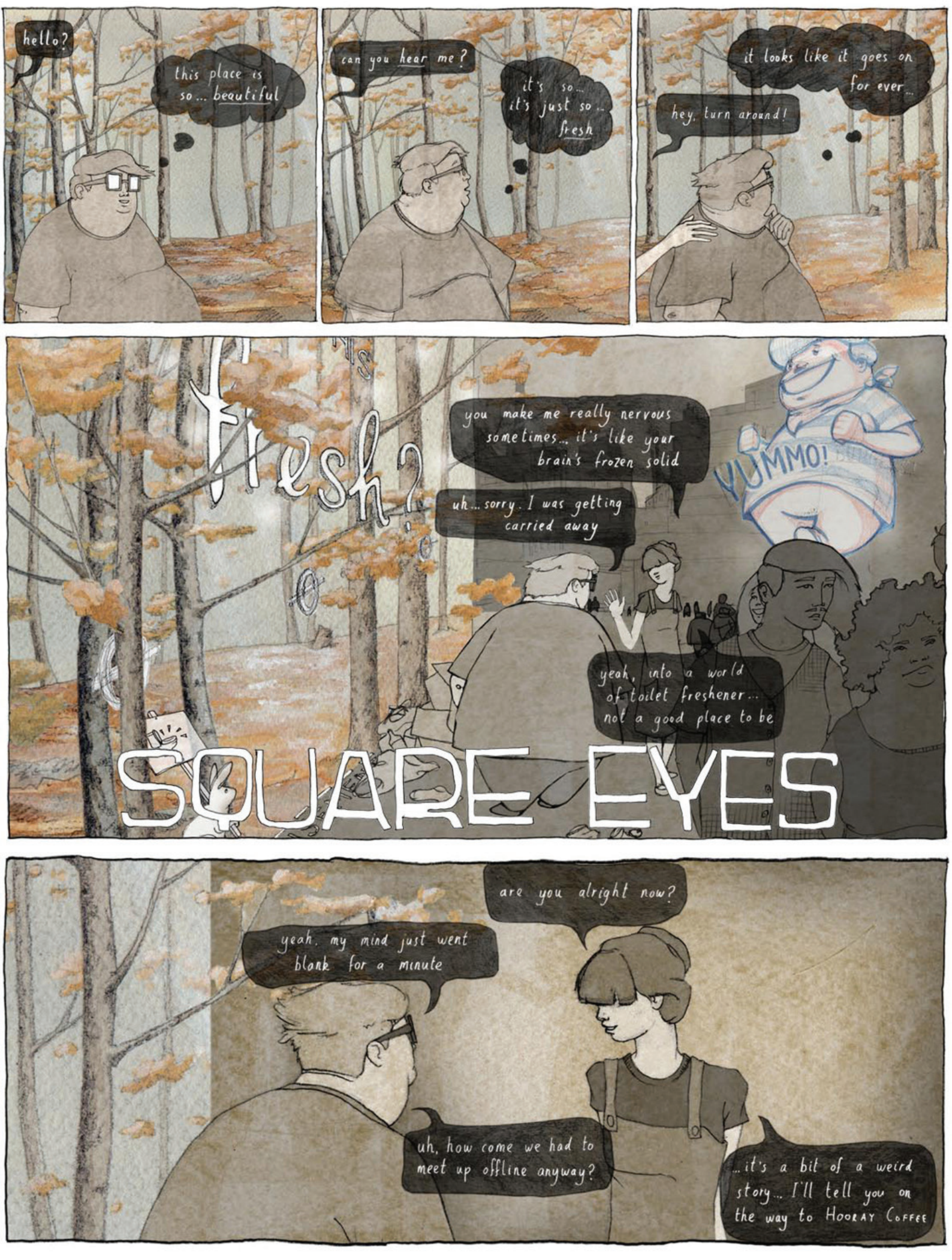
evacuation
migration
exploration
TEQUILA MOCKINGBIRD
KAREOKE TONITE
destination
concentration
investigation
situation
plink
bboom
baboom
bboom
. . .
—usual ?
mm.
conversation
inebriation
tap
tap
tap
anticipation
" let's fly, let's fly away..."
extraordinary rendition
clap
clap
cl...
the end.

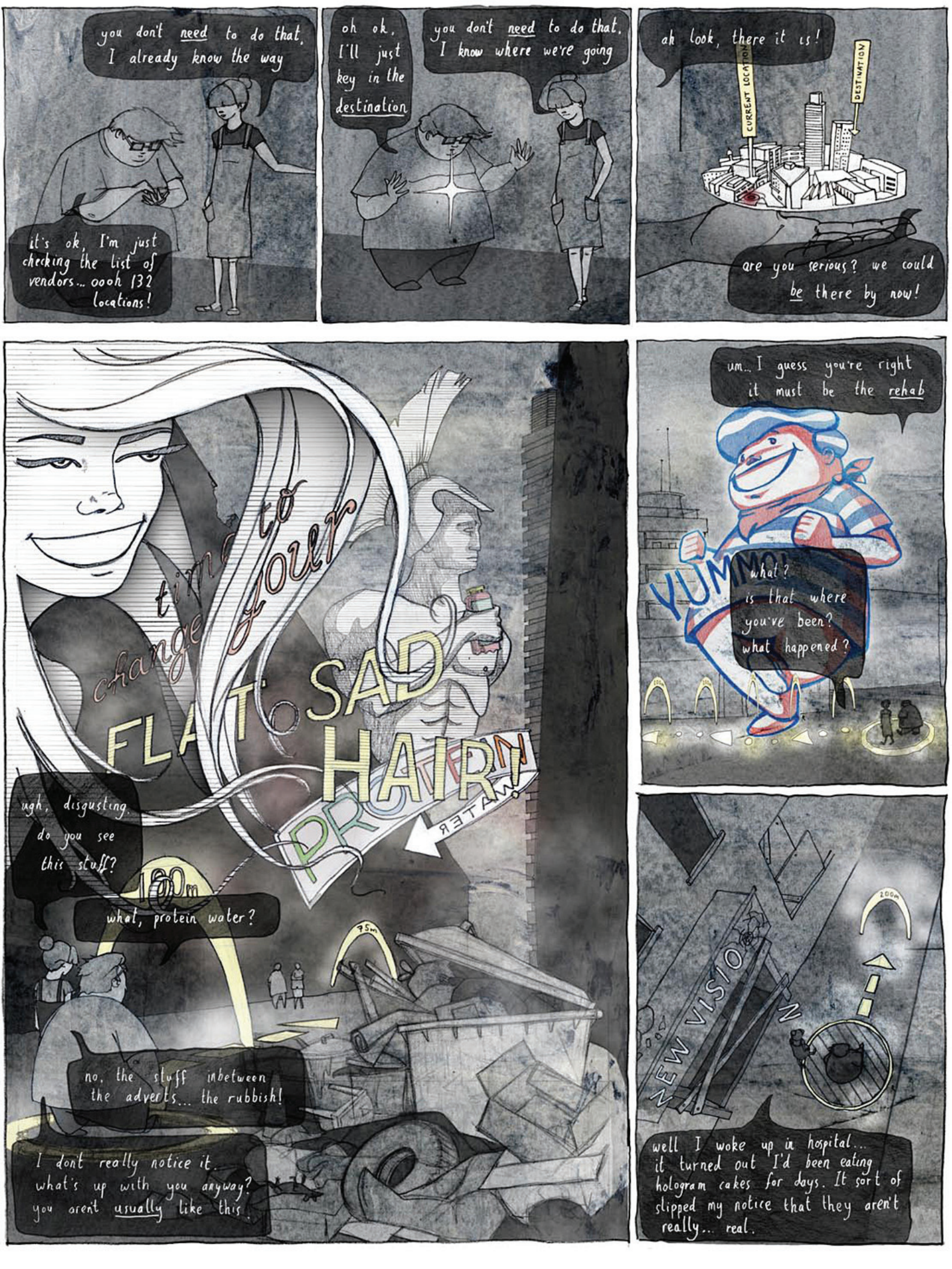


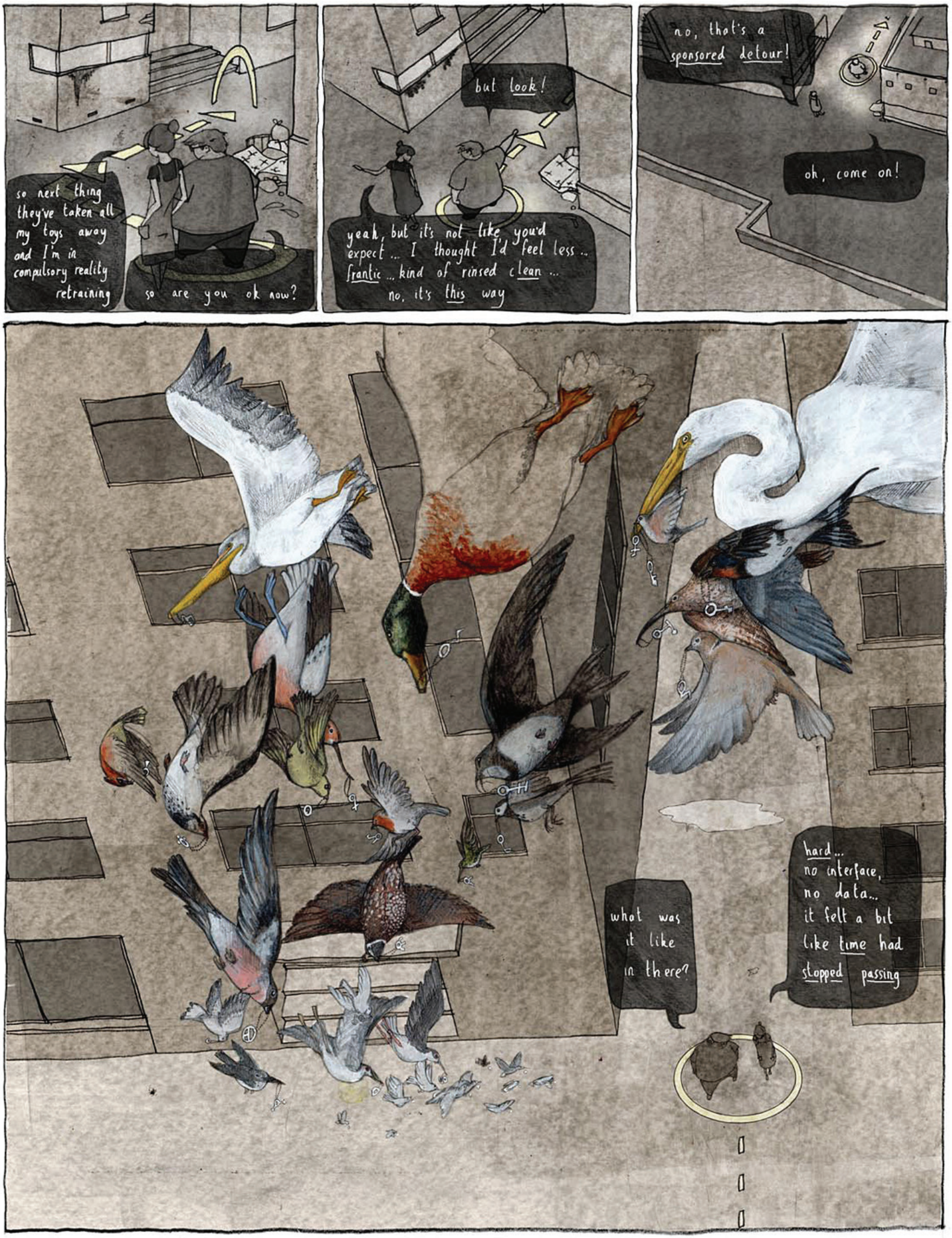
Anna Mill & Luke Jones

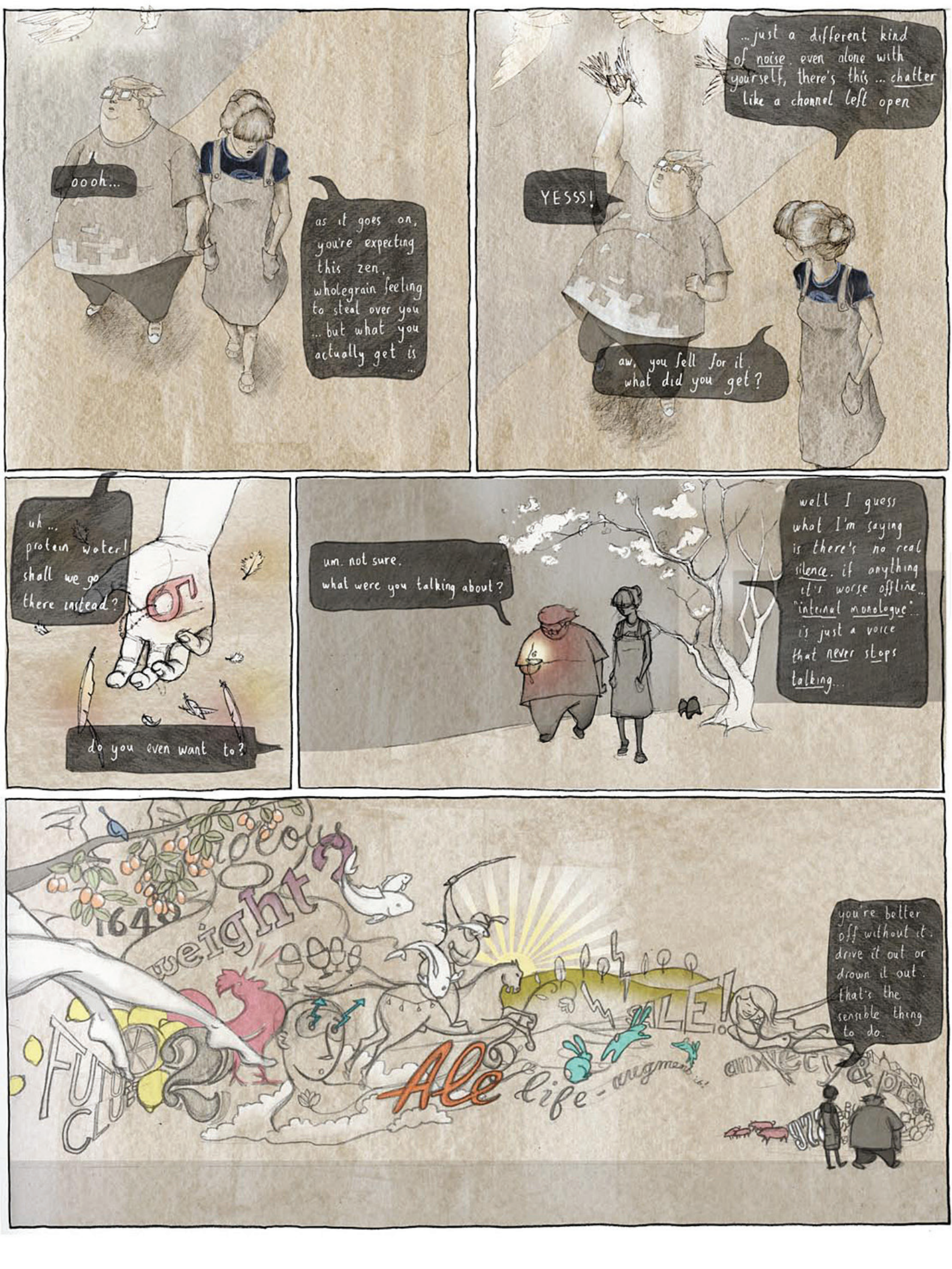
Anna Mill and Luke Jones met while studying architecture. They live in London, where they design small buildings and houseboats as Mill and Jones. They are working on a full-length sequel to the original *Square Eyes*.

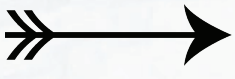
www.millandjones.com


hello?
this place is so... beautiful
can you hear me?
it's so... it's just so... fresh
it looks like it goes on for ever...
hey, turn around!
Fresh?
you make me really nervous sometimes... it's like your brain's frozen solid
uh... sorry. I was getting carried away
YUMMO!
yeah, into a world of toilet freshener... not a good place to be
SQUARE-EYES
are you alright now?
yeah, my mind just went blank for a minute
uh, how come we had to meet up offline anyway?
...it's a bit of a weird story... I'll tell you on the way to Hooray Coffee


you don't need to do that, I already know the way
it's ok, I'm just checking the list of vendors... oooh 132 locations!
oh ok, I'll just key in the destination
you don't need to do that, I know where we're going
ah look, there it is!
CURRENT LOCATION
DESTINATION
are you serious? we could be there by now!
time to change your
FLAT TO SAD
HAIR!
PROTEIN
WATER
ugh, disgusting. do you see this stuff?
100m
what, protein water?
75m
no, the stuff inbetween the adverts... the rubbish!
I don't really notice it. what's up with you anyway? you aren't usually like this.
um... I guess you're right it must be the rehab
YUMMO!
what? is that where you've been? what happened?
100m
NEW VISION
200m
well I woke up in hospital... it turned out I'd been eating hologram cakes for days. It sort of slipped my notice that they aren't really... real.


so next thing they've taken all my toys away and I'm in compulsory reality retraining
so are you ok now?
but look!
yeah, but it's not like you'd expect ... I thought I'd feel less .. frantic ... kind of rinsed clean ...
no, it's this way
no, that's a sponsored detour!
oh, come on!
what was it like in there?
hard... no interface, no data... it felt a bit like time had stopped passing


oooh...
as it goes on, you're expecting this zen, wholegrain feeling to steal over you ... but what you actually get is ...
...just a different kind of noise. even alone with yourself, there's this ... chatter like a channel left open
YESSS!
aw, you fell for it. what did you get?
uh... protein water! shall we go there instead?
do you even want to?
um. not sure. what were you talking about?
well I guess what I'm saying is there's no real silence. if anything it's worse offline... "internal monologue"... is just a voice that never stops talking...
weight
Ale
you're better off without it. drive it out or drown it out. that's the sensible thing to do.



Scott Dessert

Scott Dessert's work includes mark-making and collage combined with digital processes. He works with found and created elements to try to produce a constantly evolving work. His main influence is his grandmother Madge Pyle, who used to create giant collages, which have been a source of fascination for him since he was a child.

www.scottdessert.com

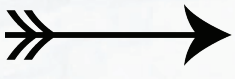
www.scottdessert.blogspot.com

CAt siTTeR
ring
ring
ring

BRIXTON
STOCKWELL
VAUXHALL
PIMLICO
VICTORIA

BOUBOU
- Feed twice a day
stroke him when he eats
DO NOT STROKE
when he is not eating...
(also likes to be
watched while he sits in
the bath tub).
Woman filmed dumping cat
in wheelie bin in Coventry
BBC NEWS
LONDON
HA
HA
HA

BOUBOU
BOUBOU
BOUBOU
BOUBOU
The End



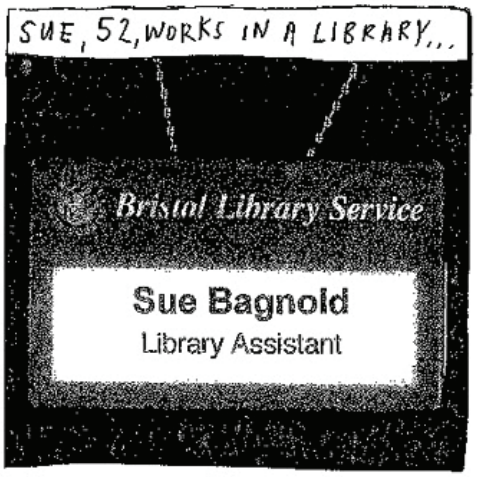
Joff Winterhart

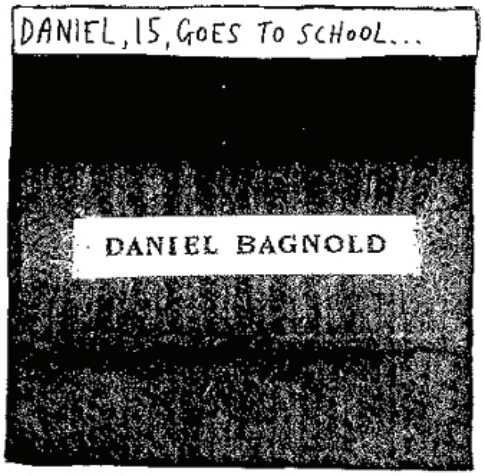
Joff Winterhart lives in Bristol, where he draws, plays drums in a band called Bucky and walks his greyhound, Peep-Peep.

www.buckytheband.com

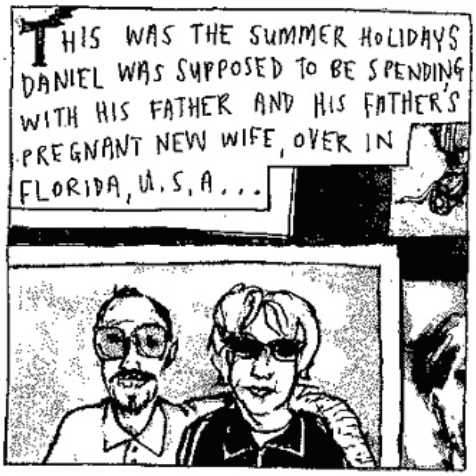
WHEN SOMEONE LOOKS BACK AND WRITES A HISTORY OF THIS SUMMER, TWO PEOPLE THEY WILL ALMOST CERTAINLY LEAVE OUT ARE SUE AND DANIEL BAGNOLD, MOTHER AND SON RESPECTIVELY...

DAYS OF THE BAGNOLD SUMMER





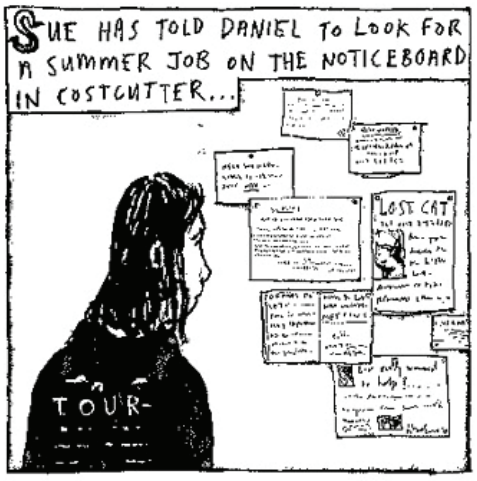
24 JUL 2009

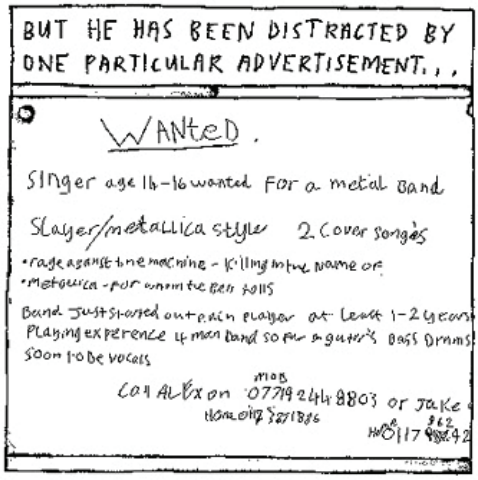

THIS WAS THE SUMMER HOLIDAYS DANIEL WAS SUPPOSED TO BE SPENDING WITH HIS FATHER AND HIS FATHER'S PREGNANT NEW WIFE, OVER IN FLORIDA, U.S.A...

...AND I'M SURE YOU MUST UNDERSTAND SUSAN, AS A MOTHER... THAT WITH THE NEW BABY DUE... ITS JUST A CASE OF BAD TIMING WITH DAN'S VISIT AND EVERYTHING... IN FACT, I TOLD BOB I WANTED TO SPEAK WITH YOU... WOMAN TO WOMAN... ...SUSAN?
Hmm?

DANIEL BAGNOLD THINKS OF EVERYTHING HE WILL BE MISSING THIS SUMMER; A 14-HOUR PLANE JOURNEY, HEATWAVE WEATHER IN ALL BLACK CLOTHES, A FATHER HE FAINTLY REMEMBERS, A STEPMOTHER HE HAS NEVER MET BUT WHO STILL "WOULD RATHER BE SEEN AS A FRIEND", A NEW BORN BABY SISTER CRYING THROUGH THE NIGHT AND... 6 WHOLE WEEKS OF NO 'KERRANG!' MAGAZINE...

27 JUL 2009



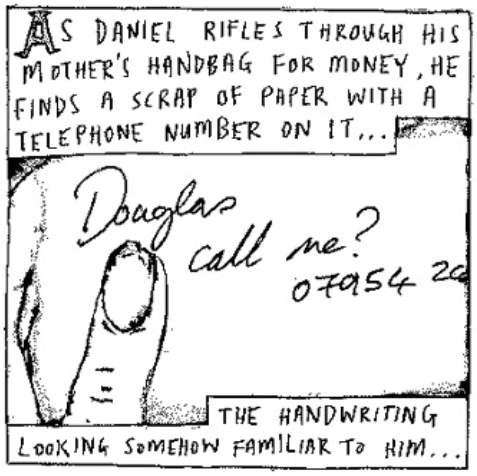

BUT HE HAS BEEN DISTRACTED BY ONE PARTICULAR ADVERTISEMENT...
WANTED.
Singer age 14-16 wanted For a metal Band
Slayer/metallica style 2 Cover songes
•rage against the machine - killing in the name of
•metallica - for whom the bell tolls
Band just started out each player at least 1-2 years Playing experence 4 man band so far a guitar's bass Drums soon to be vocals
Call Alex on 07719 244 8803 or Jake
HOME 8271846

DANIEL IS AMAZED BY THE FACT THAT PEOPLE HIS AGE, IN HIS TOWN, LIKING THE SAME BANDS AS HIM, ARE IN A BAND. HIS FRIEND KY LIKES THE SAME BANDS AS HIM, BUT HE IS THE SORT OF PER-SON WHO WEARS A HAT LIKE THIS IN PUBLIC...
...AND HE CAN'T PLAY ANY INSTRUMENTS.

SUE'S SISTER CAROL, A HAIRDRESSER IS VISITING...
DO YOU REMEMBER? I SAID TO YOU... I SAID TO HIM, IF YOU GROW YOUR HAIR, IT WILL GO WRONG! I WARNED YOU, YOU JUST DON'T HAVE THE RIGHT TYPE OF HAIR FOR LONG HAIR... ITS BAGNOLD HAIR, I'M AFRAID. YOUR DAD HAS THE SAME HAIR, ITS QUITE THIN AND... CRINKLY.

NORMALLY, THIS SORT OF CONVERSATION WOULD MAKE DANIEL GO UP TO HIS ROOM FOR THE WHOLE AFTERNOON, BUT HE IS THINKING...
Singer age 14-16 wanted For a metal Band

30 JUL 2009


AS DANIEL RIFLES THROUGH HIS MOTHER'S HANDBAG FOR MONEY, HE FINDS A SCRAP OF PAPER WITH A TELEPHONE NUMBER ON IT...
Douglas call me? 07954 2
THE HANDWRITING LOOKING SOMEHOW FAMILIAR TO HIM...

HE THINKS BACK TO THE END OF LAST TERM, WHEN SUE WENT OUT TO PARENT'S EVENING...
HE SPENT THIS TIME AS HE ALWAYS DOES ON THE RARE OCCAISIONS SUE GOES OUT FOR THE NIGHT; PLAYING HIS METALLICA CDS IN THE KITCHEN, ON THE PINK C.D PLAYER THAT SUE BOUGHT FOR KEEP-FIT CLASS IN 1999...

WHEN SUE GOT HOME...
YOU NEED TO CONCENTRATE MORE AND WORK MUCH HARDER TO ACHIEVE YOUR POTENTIAL... BUT I ALREADY KNEW THAT BECAUSE THEY SAY IT EVERY YEAR...
HEH HEH!
ITS NOT FUNNY!

-2 AUG 2009

DANIEL IS AT HIS FRIEND KY'S HOUSE, WAITING TO BE PICKED UP BY HIS MOTHER. KY IS GETTING READY TO GO ICE SKATING WITH HIS COUSIN, ROWENA...
SO, MY COUSIN ROWENA IS BRINGING A FRIEND... A FEMALE FRIEND -THAT PRETTY MUCH MAKES IT, LIKE, A DATE! SO...

SUE ARRIVES TO COLLECT DANIEL...
KY'S WEARING HIS SPECIAL HAT TO ICE SKATING - HE CUSTOMISED IT HIMSELF! I THINK ITS WONDERFUL, ALL THIS SELF-EXPRESSION IN YOUNG PEOPLE, DON'T YOU SUE?
OH... YES. DANIEL, YOU READY LOVE?

-5 AUG 2009

SUE IS ON THE TELEPHONE TO HER AUNT PAT, THE LEAST FAVOURITE OF ALL HER AUNTS...
...AND HOW'S DANIEL?
I DON'T KNOW REALLY... HE HAS THAT TEENAGER HABIT OF SORT OF ...NOT TALKING. HE SEEMS QUITE SAD SOMETIMES.

THEN AGAIN, HE MIGHT BE ABSOLUTELY FINE...
WELL, WE'VE ALL BEEN THERE... DON'T FORGET SUZANNE, YOU HAD THAT RATHER ...UNFORTUNATE, DIFFICULT PERIOD WHEN YOU WERE A TEENAGER...

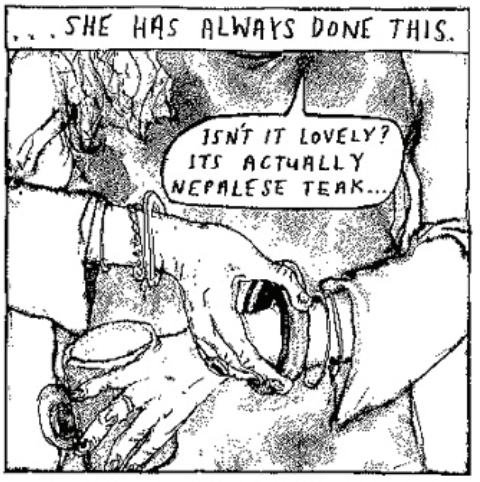
10 AUG 2009

FOR SEVERAL SATURDAY AFTER-NOONS, DANIEL HAS RETURNED TO THE GARAGE IN THE SUBURBS WHERE HE LISTENS TO A LOCAL HEAVY METAL BAND PRACTISING...

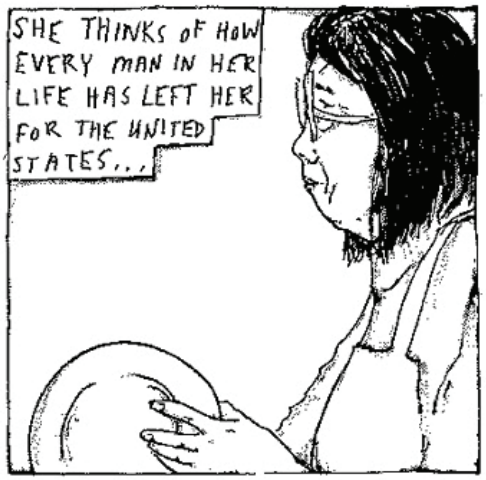
HE TELLS HIS FRIEND KY ABOUT THIS BAND...
...THEY CAN DO METALLICA SONGS, SOME MEGADETH ONES... I THINK THEYRE LOOK-ING FOR A SINGER.
I'VE JUST HAD A GENIUS IDEA.
LIKE WHAT?

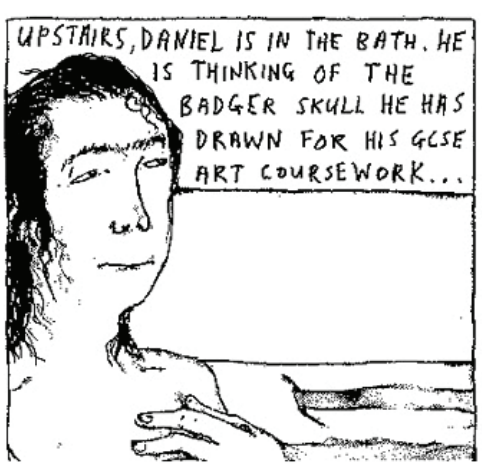
DOWNSTAIRS, SUE HAS ARRIVED TO COLLECT DANIEL...
...I COULDN'T BELIEVE IT! LAST PARENTS EVENING, THAT FUNNY HISTORY TEACHER OF KY'S, ONLY WENT AND GAVE ME HIS NUMBER!... CHEEKY SOD! I MEAN...

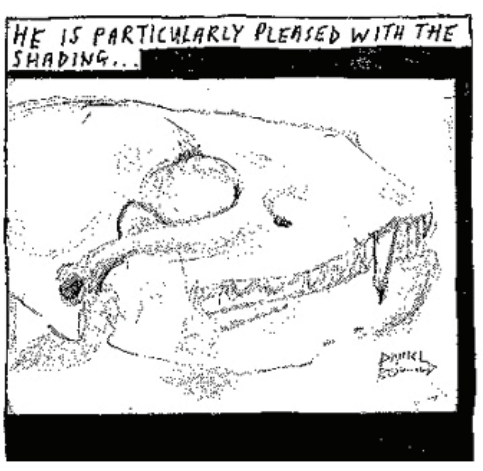
SUE RECOGNIZES HER HABIT OF INSTANTLY CHANGING THE SUBJECT WHENEVER SHE IS EMBARRASSED...



19 AUG 2009







Jim Medway

Jim Medway runs the free online publication *Comical Animal* and runs Create Comics workshops for all ages. As well as comics and illustration, he also makes drawings, prints and proper art.

comicalanimal.com

PAUL CRYSTAL, GRAPHIC DESIGNER

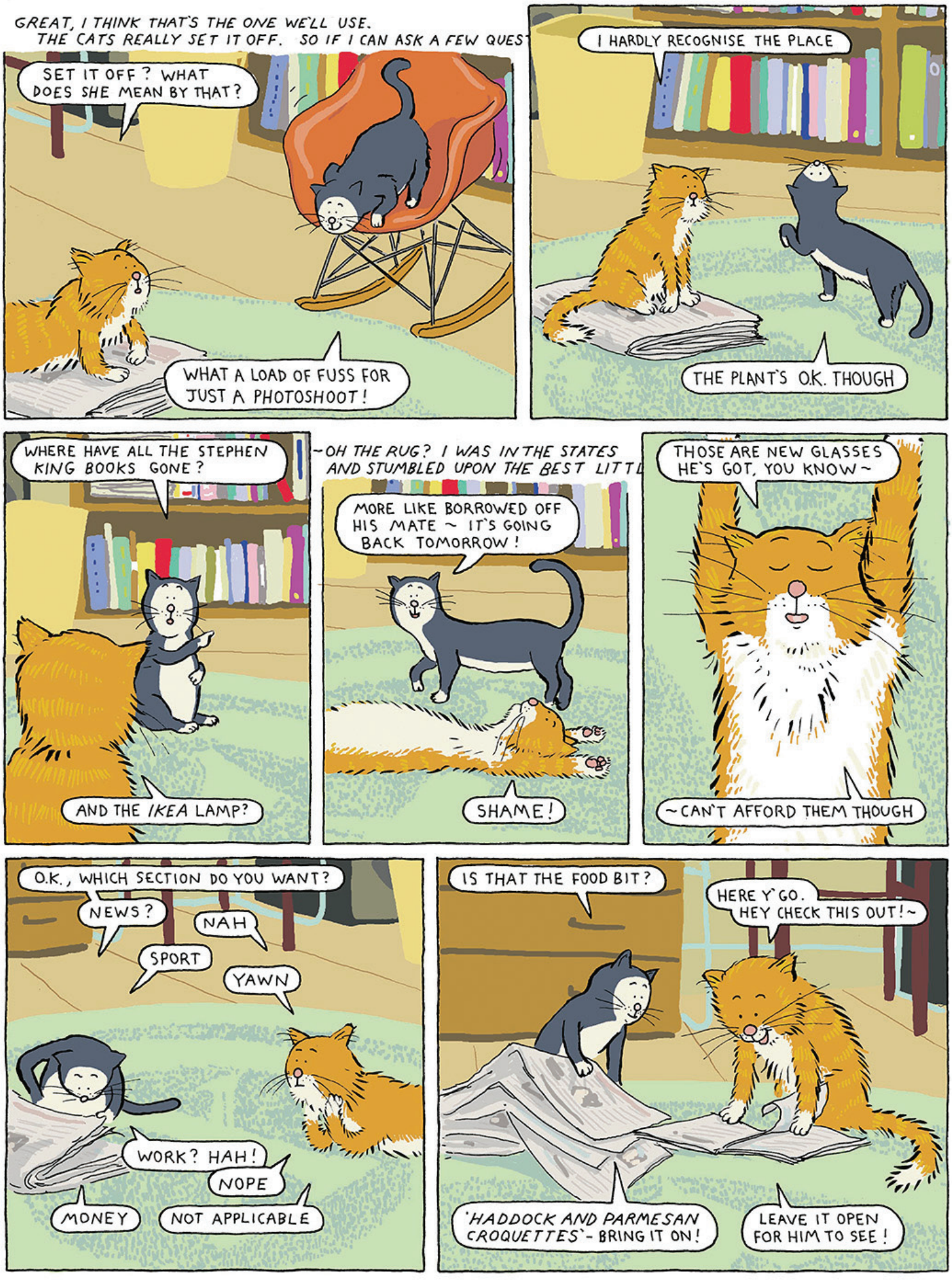
Photographs **Jessie Meadows**

A peek into this small but airy East London live/work studio reveals much about the working methods of Crystal, 31. His 1960's drawing board has been the source of many contemporary images, including the iconic sleeve for Cutter's first epic album.

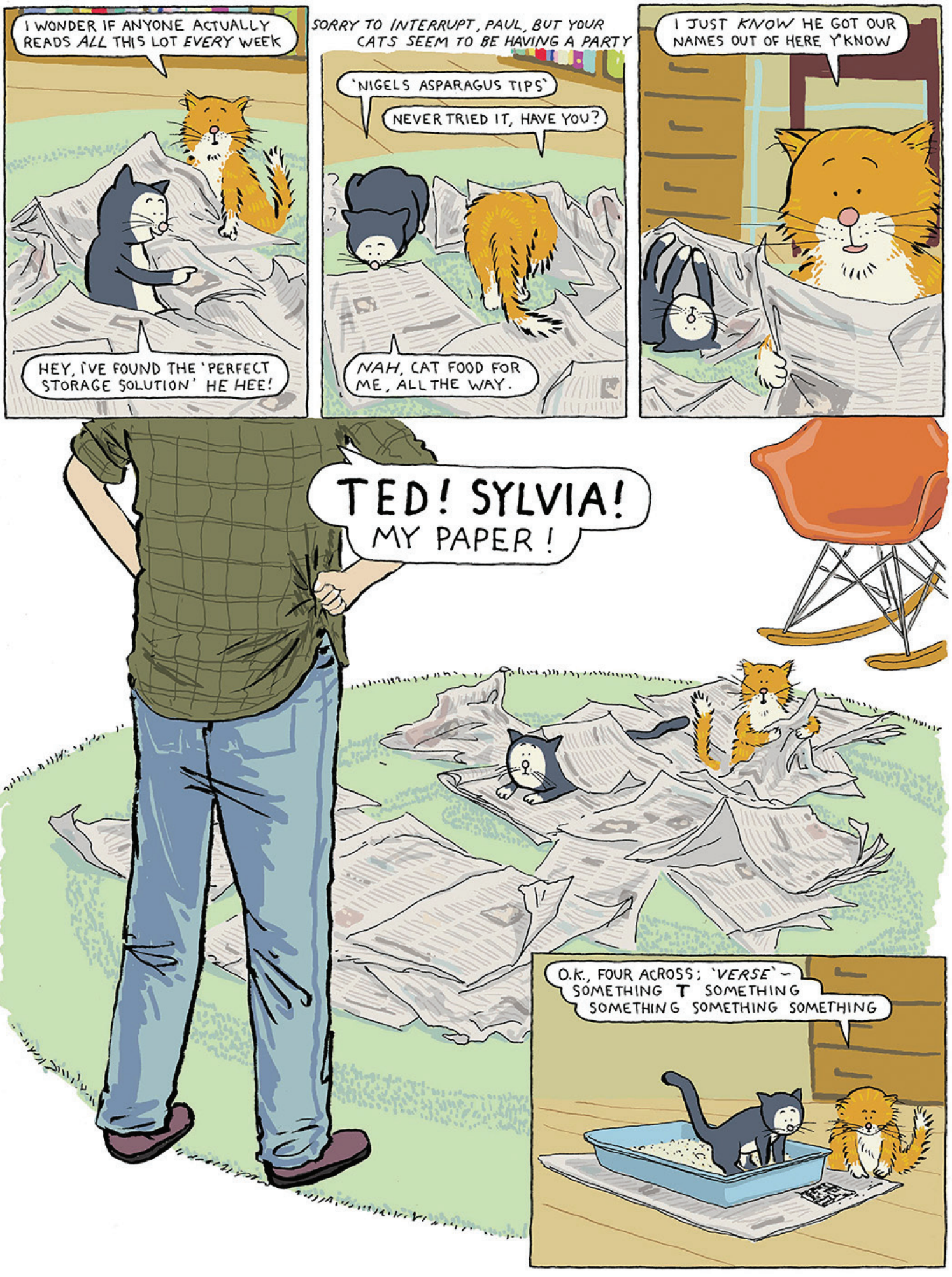
"I pull inspiration from all around me, whether browsing fine art or flea markets. I like to avoid fashion but seek out style". Crystal's antique rug, a Massachusetts yard-sale bargain, sits surprisingly well alongside his lucky skip-find Eames rocker, just as his well-known designs favour the eclectic over the obvious.

Expressing a revulsion to the overused and sterile techniques seen throughout design - "The Mac I use as little as possible, treating it just like any other tool".

"The fig plant was a gift from grateful client Maisie Shortbread for website concept", and the clock is from the set of Mister Ralph, which Paul also worked on. Having developed a keen eye for the discarded and dated, from this unique working environment Crystal creates an eccentric shabby chic.


GREAT, I THINK THAT'S THE ONE WE'LL USE. THE CATS REALLY SET IT OFF. SO IF I CAN ASK A FEW QUES
SET IT OFF? WHAT DOES SHE MEAN BY THAT?
WHAT A LOAD OF FUSS FOR JUST A PHOTOSHOOT!
I HARDLY RECOGNISE THE PLACE
THE PLANT'S O.K. THOUGH
WHERE HAVE ALL THE STEPHEN KING BOOKS GONE?
AND THE IKEA LAMP?
~OH THE RUG? I WAS IN THE STATES AND STUMBLED UPON THE BEST LITT
MORE LIKE BORROWED OFF HIS MATE ~ IT'S GOING BACK TOMORROW!
SHAME!
THOSE ARE NEW GLASSES HE'S GOT, YOU KNOW~
~CAN'T AFFORD THEM THOUGH
O.K., WHICH SECTION DO YOU WANT?
NEWS?
NAH
SPORT
YAWN
WORK? HAH!
NOPE
MONEY
NOT APPLICABLE
IS THAT THE FOOD BIT?
HERE Y'GO. HEY CHECK THIS OUT!~
'HADDOCK AND PARMESAN CROQUETTES'- BRING IT ON!
LEAVE IT OPEN FOR HIM TO SEE!

...THE EAMES ROCKER? IT'S A BIT SCUFFED, BUT I THINK IT ADDS CHARACTER. WOULD YOU BELIEVE IT WAS A SKIP FIND?...
TO BE FAIR, I THINK I'D LIE TOO, IF I'D SPENT 450 QUID ON A CHAIR
A CHAIR THAT WOBBLES N'ALL!
AND CATCHES YOUR TAIL
YOU KNOW, I'M PROBABLY THE ONLY SKIP FIND HERE.
SO URBAN AND GRITTY!
STILL CAN'T BELIEVE THEY STOPPED THE COMIC BIT.
THAT WAS IN THE SATURDAY ONE
I'D HAVE CUT EVERYTHING ELSE INSTEAD!
THATCHER THATCHER, COMIC SNATCHER!
SUPPOSE MY TASTES ARE QUITE ECLECTIC, IN THAT I'VE NO PARTICULAR ST-
IS IT JUST ME, OR HAVE THEY CHANGED THIS INK?
I THINK YOU'RE IMAGINING IT
HEY, I BET HE DOESN'T SHOW HER THE KITCHEN
HE'S NOT EVEN OFFERED HER A CUP OF TEA YET
...A KIND OF ANTI-FASHION, BASED ON MY OWN INSTINCT
O.K., WHAT ABOUT THE CULTURE BIT? ~ THE WIRE, U2, SOME BALLET THING,
... SOME VICTORIAN SOMETHING, SOME BOOK OR SOMETHING, ANOTHER BOOK, ANISH KAPOOR, VIVIENNE WESTWOOD...
'BANKSY: IS IT ART?'
OF COURSE IT'S ART...
SCRATCH
...IT'S JUST NOT VERY GOOD ART.


I WONDER IF ANYONE ACTUALLY READS ALL THIS LOT EVERY WEEK
HEY, I'VE FOUND THE 'PERFECT STORAGE SOLUTION' HE HEE!
SORRY TO INTERRUPT, PAUL, BUT YOUR CATS SEEM TO BE HAVING A PARTY
'NIGELS ASPARAGUS TIPS'
NEVER TRIED IT, HAVE YOU?
NAH, CAT FOOD FOR ME, ALL THE WAY.
I JUST KNOW HE GOT OUR NAMES OUT OF HERE Y'KNOW
TED! SYLVIA! MY PAPER!
O.K., FOUR ACROSS; 'VERSE' - SOMETHING T SOMETHING SOMETHING SOMETHING SOMETHING

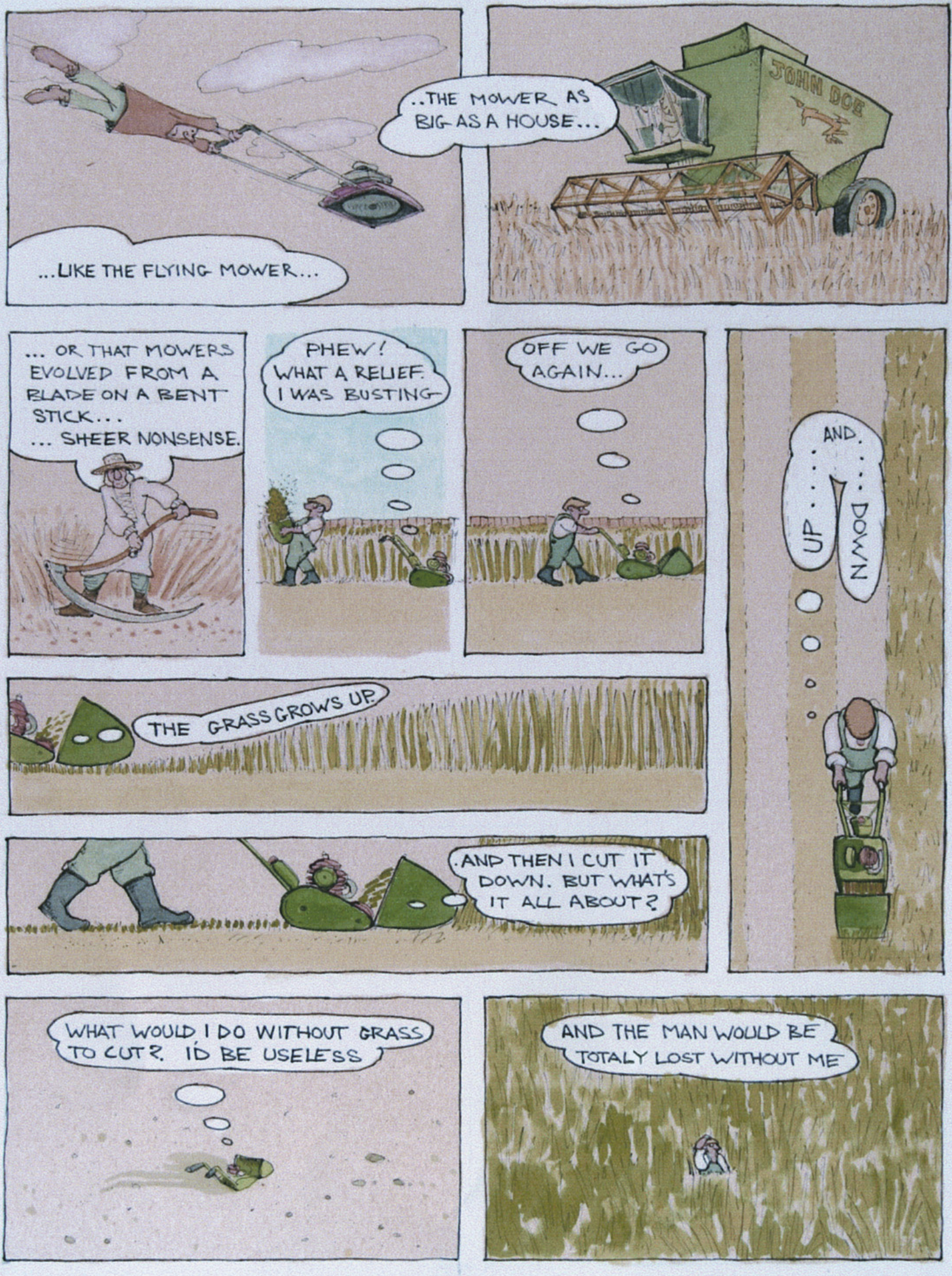
James Stewart

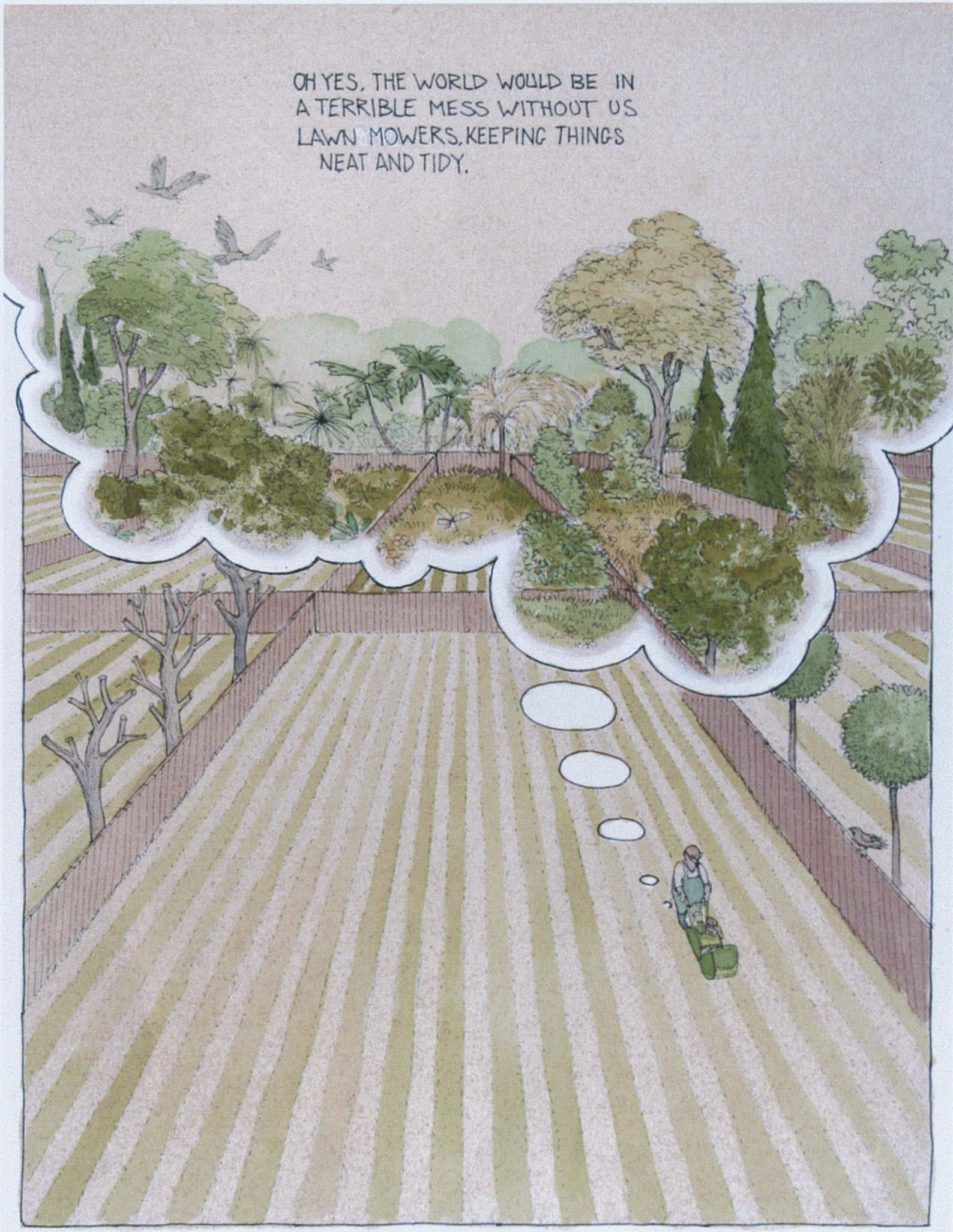
James Stewart has been a professional illustrator since the mid eighties, but prefers to concentrate on painting and fine art, and sometimes drawing comic strips. He lives on the south Devon coast because the surf there is better than London.

www.jamesstewartart.com

THE
MUSING OF
FRESH AIR AT LAST. ITS BEEN A LONG, LONG WINTER
HERE WE GO, ITS THE SAME OLD RITUAL EVERY YEAR. A DAB OF OIL...
...A DROP OF PETROL...
...A QUICK WIPE WITH AN OILY RAG
...AND HE THINKS IM GOING TO START FIRST TIME.
NOT A CHANCE
TRY AGAIN...
...AGAIN
YEAH!
P-COF!
P-COF!
P-COF!
P-COPA POCK
A POCA, POCA
POCA POCAP

LOOK AT THE STATE OF THIS LAWN. EVERY YEAR THE SUMMERS GET SHORTER AND SHORTER, AND THE GRASS GETS LONGER AND LONGER
I DREAD THE FIRST MOW AFTER WINTER. WHO KNOWS WHAT MIGHT BE LURKING HERE IN THE LONG GRASS ...
..IVE HEARD SOME TALL STORIES OVER THE GARDEN FENCE
HEY MO! HAVE YOU HEARD ABOUT ASTRO TURF?
ITS ALL SUBURBAN MYTH IF YOU ASK ME ...


...LIKE THE FLYING MOWER...
..THE MOWER AS BIG AS A HOUSE...
JOHN DOE
... OR THAT MOWERS EVOLVED FROM A BLADE ON A BENT STICK...
... SHEER NONSENSE.
PHEW! WHAT A RELIEF. I WAS BUSTING
OFF WE GO AGAIN...
AND... ...DOWN
UP...
THE GRASS GROWS UP.
.AND THEN I CUT IT DOWN. BUT WHAT'S IT ALL ABOUT?
WHAT WOULD I DO WITHOUT GRASS TO CUT? ID BE USELESS
AND THE MAN WOULD BE TOTALY LOST WITHOUT ME


OH YES, THE WORLD WOULD BE IN A TERRIBLE MESS WITHOUT US LAWN MOWERS, KEEPING THINGS NEAT AND TIDY.

Vivien McDermid

Vivien grew up in a small town on the north-east coast of Scotland and now lives in Edinburgh with her boyfriend and daughter. She is most content while eating sour tangerines and German Christmas biscuits on a bright, snowy day.

'PAINT'
Vivien McDermid
Oh Berta, look at the bunting!
Morning! How are you both today?
We're fine thanks. A bit later than expected - sorry.
She'll just take a little while to get settled.
Mummy!
This is awful. I feel awful.
I should go back. She could be ill. Maybe it's another ear infection.
But that would be surrendering to my maternal anxieties.
My back is so sore and tight. I feel like a plimsole that went through the wash.
4
This is so comfy.
I could be asleep in probably less than two minutes.
But I need to get some work done.
The flat feels very quiet.

I'll warm up with a still life.
One of these days we'll have a raucous party
and I won't mind a bit if everything gets ruined
It's nice to have nice things
but they are like anchors.
It's only been a short four years since I went to that caravan with Ada and Errol
That was before Errol and I had entered into any kind of romantic contract.
CRUNCH, CRUNCH.
We should have a fire on the beach tonight.
Come and look at this! I think the tadpoles like eating something on my skin. They're making a bracelet around my wrist. It tickles!
Soup's ready Errol!
The water looks like coke.
Shall we stop for lunch?
I'm quite thirsty.
We walked along a peaty river to the top of a small mountain.

Ahhh, I don't know if I can go through with this!
It's actually warmer under once you get used to it.
It's FREEZING!
We swam in the inky, cold sea.
I thought about kissing Errol but wasn't sure enough that he liked me back.
Even the rain didn't keep Errol away from the fish pond.
I bet if we weren't here then he'd be putting more than just his arm in the pond.
I slept in the cool under a pine tree.
Looking back, I imagine I felt weightless then.
DING DONG
Hi Bears! How did she get on?
Apparently she was fine almost as soon as you left.
I'm aching all over. I can't get up today Errol.
You'll feel better once you're up and showered.
Could a fish eat porridge?
No! fish not eat porridge!
I'm going to be laid back and whimsical today.
Thats me off to work now. Bye girls
Daddy gone!
Shall we get your paints out?

Oh dear. Never mind. I'll get a cloth.
I'm coming in just a minute Berta.
Oh dear.....
I didn't feel much like clearing up. So I joined in instead.
the end

Stilly

Stilly lives in Oxford, where, despite having had negligible art training (i.e. nothing), he continues to practise scribbling in all the free time his family allow him. His main influences are Edward Gorey and Hunt Emerson, but anything drawn with a nice thin line, without too much computer hampering, will do.

www.flickr.com/photos/38706654@N08

THE DUST ENCLOSED

by Stilly

THIS IS A TRUE STORY ABOUT A ROCK IN A DESERT.

CAN YOU GUESS WHICH ONE?

THIS ONE?

OR THIS ONE?

PERHAPS THIS ONE?

ALL ROCKS LOOK ALIKE DON'T THEY?
NOT ALL OF THEM!

TO TELL THE STORY OF HOW THE ROCK BEGAN, WE NEED TO KNOW ABOUT HOW A MAN MET HIS END.

RODERICK ARMITAGE WAS A RICH VICTORIAN INDUSTRIALIST WHO ONLY THOUGHT OF MAKING MONEY. ONE EVENING HE WAS PERSUADED TO VISIT THE THEATRE FOR THE FIRST TIME.

HAMLET

UTTER WASTE OF TIME!

DESPITE HIS INITIAL AVERSION, RODERICK SOON BECAME TOTALLY CAPTIVATED BY THE PERFORMANCE.

IT DAWNED ON HIM THAT HE HAD WASTED HIS LIFE PERSUING WEALTH, AND INSTEAD, HE LOVED THEATRE.

Oh my prophetic soul!

BY THE FOURTH ACT, IT WAS OBVIOUS THAT RODERICK ARMITAGE HAD BECOME COMPLETELY STAGESTRUCK—

Alas, poor Yorick!

LITERALLY.

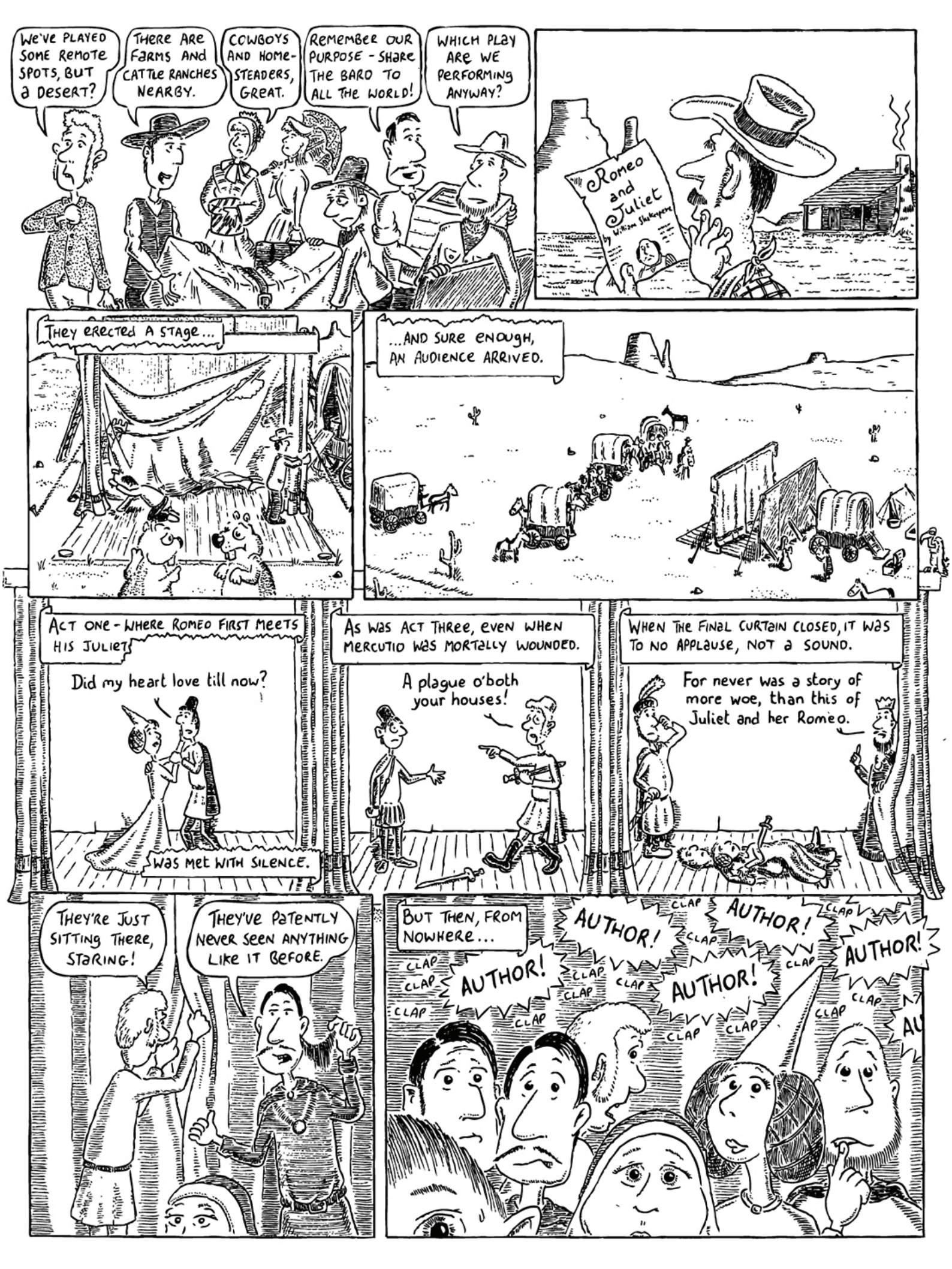
DURING HIS FINAL MOMENTS, RODERICK BEQUEATHED A LARGE PART OF HIS ESTATE TO FUND THE CREATION AND PRESERVATION OF A TRAVELLING THEATRE TROUPE WHO WOULD...

...PERFORM THE PLAYS OF WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE IN THE REMOTEST PARTS OF THE WORLD, IN ORDER TO SHARE THEIR BEAUTY WITH THOSE WHO MIGHT OTHERWISE NEVER SEE THEM!

WILL

AND THEN HE DIED.

SUBSEQUENTLY THEY JOURNEYED TO THE FURTHEST CORNERS OF THE WORLD PERFORMING PLAYS SUCH AS...
'A WINTER'S TALE' TO ESKIMOS, WHERE ANTIGONUS WAS PERSUED BY A REAL POLAR BEAR.
'A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM' TO A MANCHURIAN NOBLEMAN, WHO LATER EXECUTED HIS TRANSLATOR.
The ARKWRIGHT Travelling Players
'MACBETH' TO A ZULU TRIBE WHICH SURRENDERED TO THE CAST DURING ACT THREE.
'JULIUS CAESAR' TO THE KITOTO TRIBE OF THE AMAZON RAINFOREST, WHO WERE NEVER SEEN AGAIN.
Featuring
Richard Cartwright Artistic Director King Roles + Deuteragonist Roles
Melvyn Osbourne Technical Director Young Deuteragonist Roles + Sword Play
Kay Titcomb The Beauty
Imogen Bond Leading Lady + Queen Roles
Edward Bancroft Director/Producer Protagonist Roles
Graham Spearing Set Design/Publicity Young Protagonist Roles
John Skevington Ticket Sales Tritagonist Roles
UNTIL THREE YEARS LATER WHEN THEY REACHED THE ARIZONA DESERT, A LAND OF SAND
AND ROCKS!


We've played some remote spots, but a desert?
There are farms and cattle ranches nearby.
Cowboys and homesteaders, great.
Remember our purpose - share the bard to all the world!
Which play are we performing anyway?
Romeo and Juliet
by William Shakespeare
They erected a stage...
...and sure enough, an audience arrived.
Act one - where Romeo first meets his Juliet
Did my heart love till now?
was met with silence.
As was act three, even when Mercutio was mortally wounded.
A plague o'both your houses!
When the final curtain closed, it was to no applause, not a sound.
For never was a story of more woe, than this of Juliet and her Romeo.
They're just sitting there, staring!
They've patently never seen anything like it before.
But then, from nowhere...
CLAP
AUTHOR!

AUTHOR!
AUTHOR!
AUTHOR!
AUTHOR!
AUTHOR!
AUTHOR!
AUTHOR!
AUTHOR!
AUTHOR!
They liked it?
They liked it!
They liked it enough to want to see the author!
Shakespeare? He's been dead 300 years.
What will we do?
Who'll tell them?
They'll be so disappointed.
Why don't you pretend to be Shakespeare, Richard?
Me? Why me?
Yes. You look the most like his picture.
Wear this ruff!
Do you really think I can pull it off?
Certainly. Just give a quick bow. Maybe sign a few programmes.
It'll be your greatest performance.
Don't milk it 'though.
Ladies and Gentlemen, the play that you have just seen was 'Romeo and Juliet.' I am William Shakespeare, its author!
The audience and actors left the scene as soon as they possibly could.
A lone homesteader remained to bury the corpse. He carved a name onto a nearby rock.
It still stands there today.
WILLIAM SHAKSPEER
The End....

Finn Dean (writing and colouring)

Primarily an illustrator and photographer, Finn Dean has also dabbled in comic-book writing. Finn's work is mainly inspired by the places he's visited and the things he's seen, and then he creates an idealised version of those places according to his own aesthetic preferences.

Samuel Green (illustration)

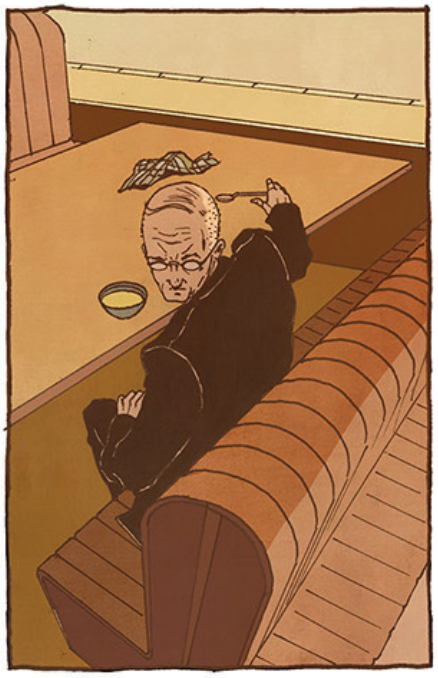
Sam Green has worked as a freelance illustrator for six years and has worked with clients such as the *New York Times*, *Esquire*, *Wallpaper*, Random House and Nokia, among others. His approach to image-making is quite diverse, embracing all forms of visual communication from storyboarding films to book-cover illustration. Sam loves to experiment with his process and is always trying to seek fresh ways of presenting his work.

The following piece is called *The Waitress*.

www.theartcollective.com/artists/finn-dean/

www.sams-place.net

Dormans Diner
DORMANS

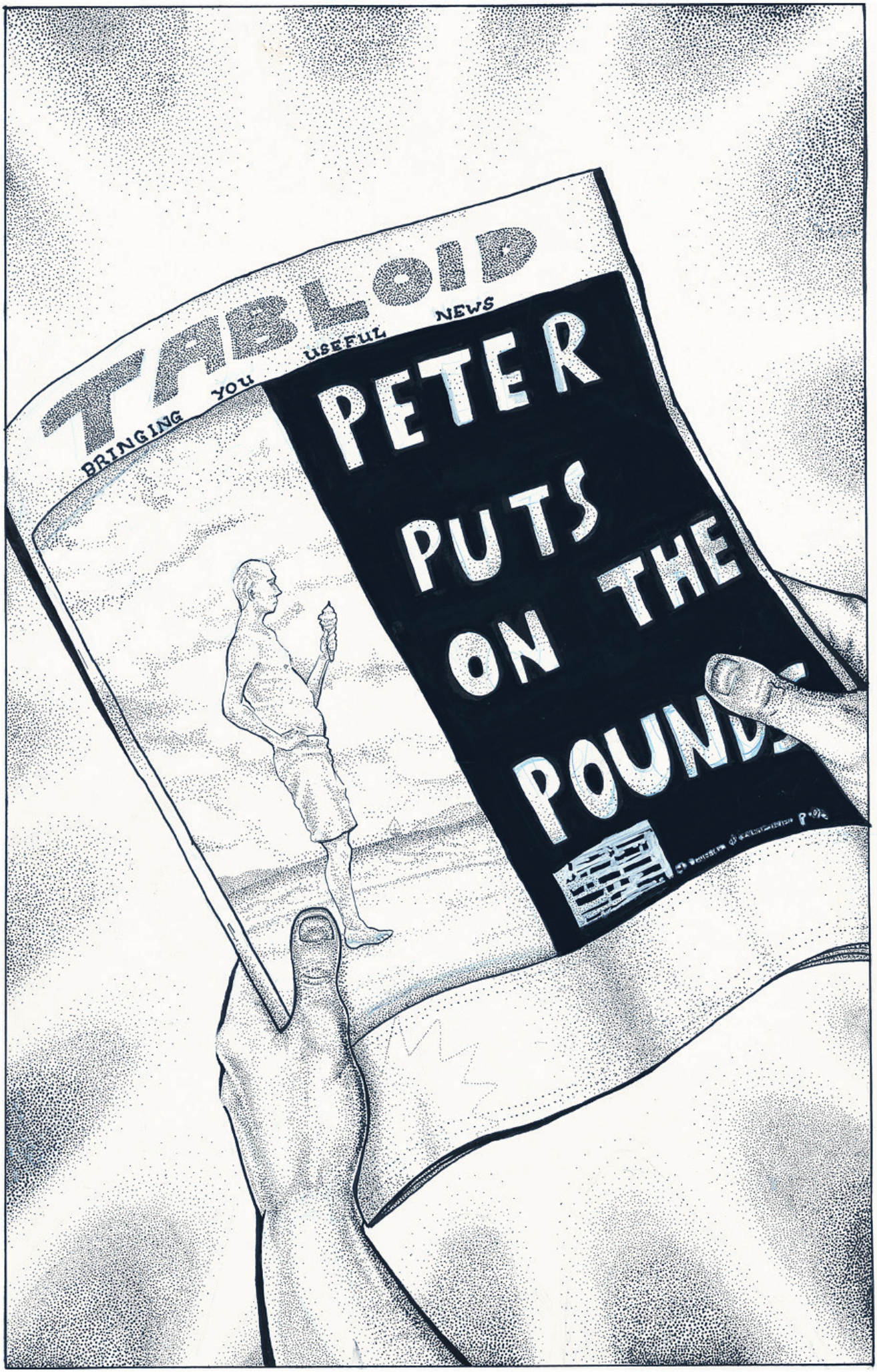


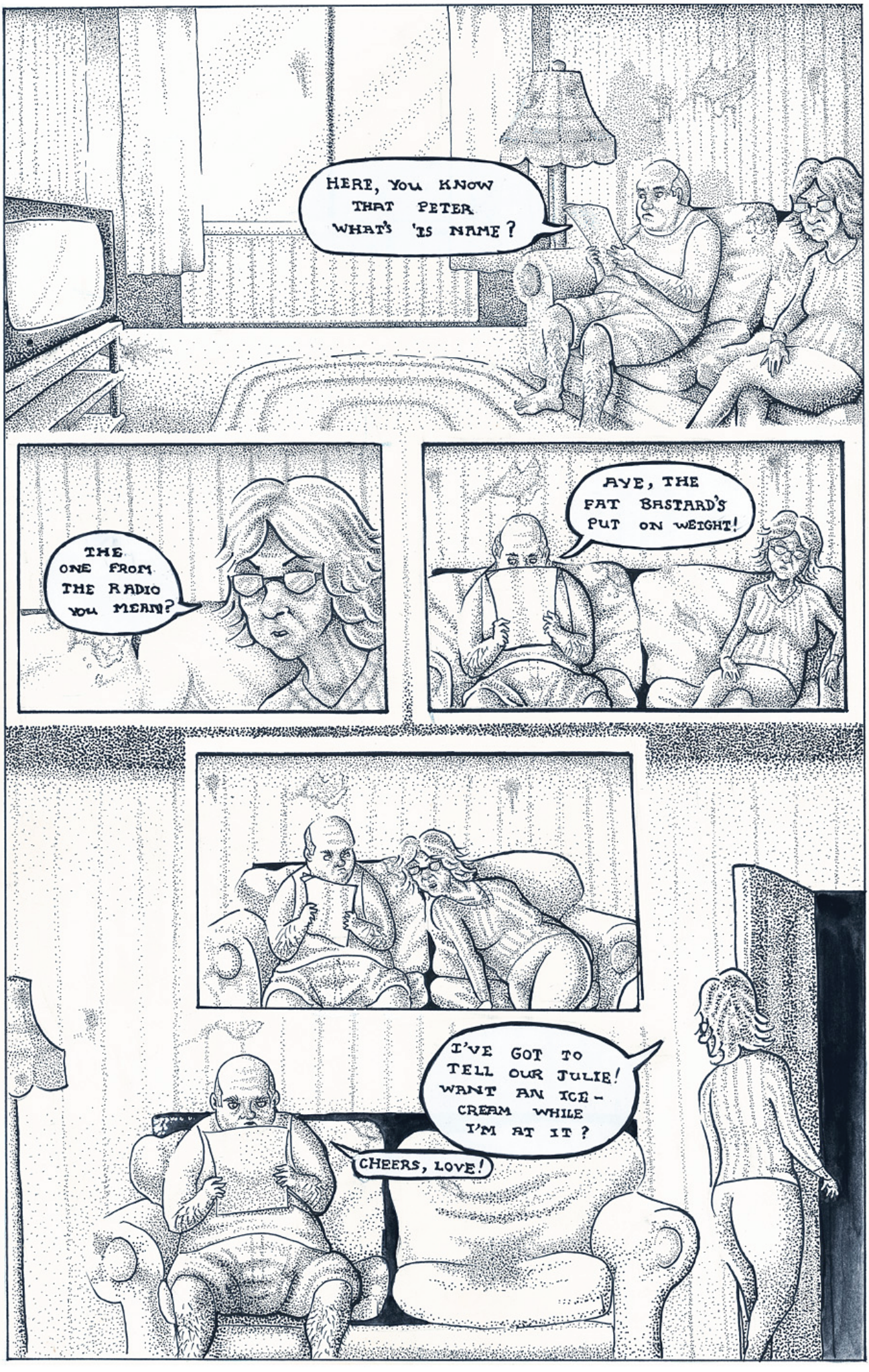
POO

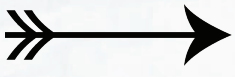
WHAT DO YOU MEAN SHE'S NOT IN YET?
IT'S NOT LIKE HER NOT TO CALL. MAYBE SHE'S RUNNING LATE AND CAN'T GET TO A PHONE
MAYBE DOESN'T GET YOU TO WORK IN THE MORNING AND MAYBE DOESN'T PAY THE BILLS
WHAT ARE WE GONNA DO IN TWENTY MINUTES WHEN THIS PLACE FILLS UP?
AH, TO HELL WITH HER, I'VE HAD ENOUGH, TELL HER WHEN SHE COMES IN SHE'S FIRED
BUT SAL!
DON'T SAL ME
GET BACK TO WORK, AND PUT THE VACANCY SIGN UP
AND WHERE THE HELLS YOUR BROOCH?
MY?...OH! IT MUST OF FALLEN OFF THIS MORNING
HOW MANY TIMES I GOTTA TELL YOU? THAT BROOCH IS PART OF YOUR UNIFORM

Nick Llewellyn

Nick Llewellyn is a very fine cartoonist indeed. We think so, at least. Unfortunately, he might not exist. We couldn't track him down – so here we are making up a bio for him. We could say anything really, couldn't we? 'Nick Llewellyn was born in Hull in 1982, a feral child raised – surprisingly – by a pack of Humberside wolves …etc., etc.' We salute you, Nick Llewellyn, you special man of mystery.


TABLOID
BRINGING YOU USEFUL NEWS
PETER
PUTS
ON THE
POUND


HERE, YOU KNOW THAT PETER WHAT'S 'IS NAME?
THE ONE FROM THE RADIO YOU MEAN?
AYE, THE FAT BASTARD'S PUT ON WEIGHT!
I'VE GOT TO TELL OUR JULIE! WANT AN ICE-CREAM WHILE I'M AT IT?
CHEERS, LOVE!

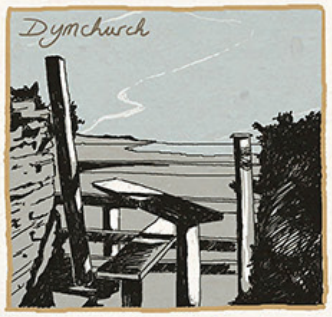


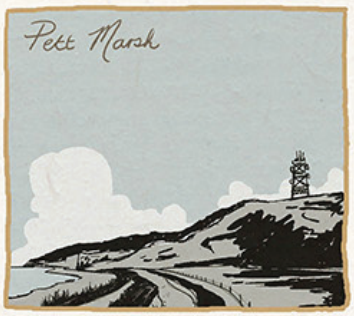
Julian Hanshaw

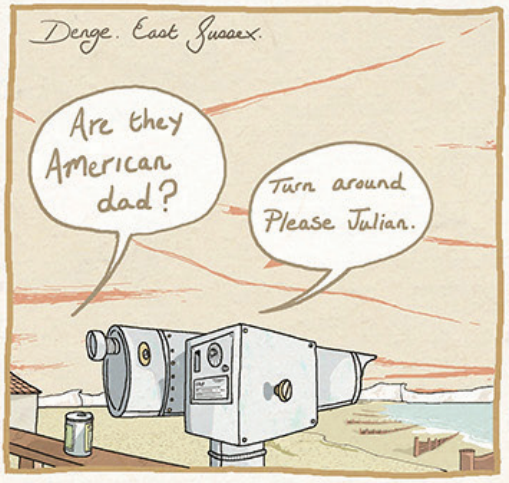
After winning the graphic short story prize in 2008, Julian Hanshaw published his first graphic novel, *The Art of Pho* (2010), with Jonathan Cape. In March 2012 his second book, a collection of interweaving short stories entitled *I'm Never Coming Back* will also be published by Cape. Julian lives on the south coast with his wife.

www.julianhanshaw.co.uk

SAND DUNES & SONIC BOOMS



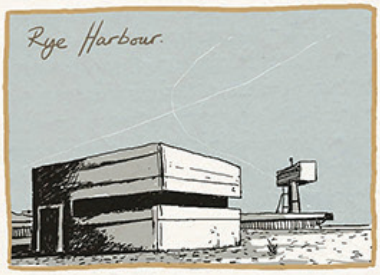




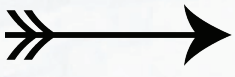
Back in the 1970's My dad would take me on tours of World War II plane crash sites that littered the south coast.

Whether by luck or planning We happened on a tour of the 'Sound Mirrors' of Denge. He could be funny like that.

The Sound Mirrors were designed to hear approaching enemy aircraft over the English Channel.
The Sound Waves being concentrated into one of the three 'Mirrors', all built in Britians only desert.
With the invention of radar they became obsolete, Mere spectators of the 'Battle of Britian' that raged overhead.
RAT A TAT



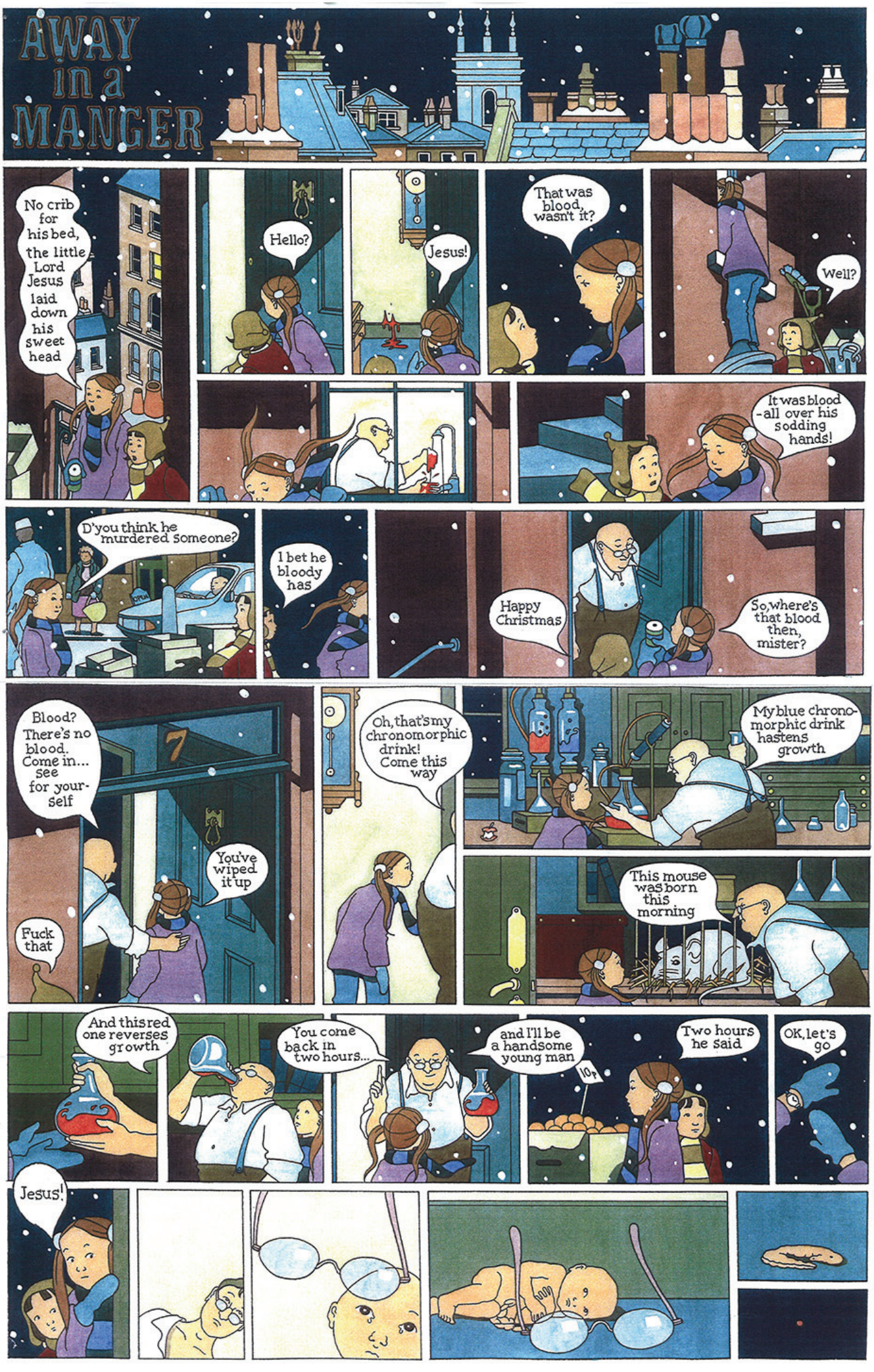
Dungeness.
Lydd.
Hythe
Old Romney
RAT A
TAT
TAT
Dzien Dobry
Dzien Dobry
DZIEN DOBRY
They were Polish.
We heard them.
Pilot Officer
Mieczysław Wasilewicz
Shot Down 11 Aug
Little Stone On Sea.
Winchelsea Station
Dungeness.
Ickleham.

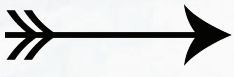


Catherine Brighton

Catherine Brighton has written and illustrated many picture books for children. She is currently working on a graphic novel set in Dayton, Ohio, in 1903, to be published by Roaring Brook Press.

www.catherinebrighton.com


AWAY in a MANGER
No crib for his bed, the little Lord Jesus laid down his sweet head
Hello?
Jesus!
That was blood, wasn't it?
Well?
It was blood - all over his sodding hands!
D'you think he murdered someone?
I bet he bloody has
Happy Christmas
So, where's that blood then, mister?
Blood? There's no blood. Come in... see for your-self
You've wiped it up
Fuck that
Oh, that's my chronomorphic drink! Come this way
My blue chrono-morphic drink hastens growth
This mouse was born this morning
And this red one reverses growth
You come back in two hours...
and I'll be a handsome young man
Two hours he said
OK, let's go
Jesus!



Stephen Collins

Stephen Collins is an illustrator and cartoonist who has been freelance since 2003. He lives in a half-decorated house in Hertford with his wife and no pets. His cartoons appear weekly in the *Guardian Weekend* and every month in *Prospect* magazine.

www.colillo.com

IN ROOM 208

by Stephen Collins

seemed to already hold this memory
waiting for us
neatly folded.
I remember guidebook plans
about some nearby churchyard
our ill-matching teeth
and a chuckling bed of tired young bones.

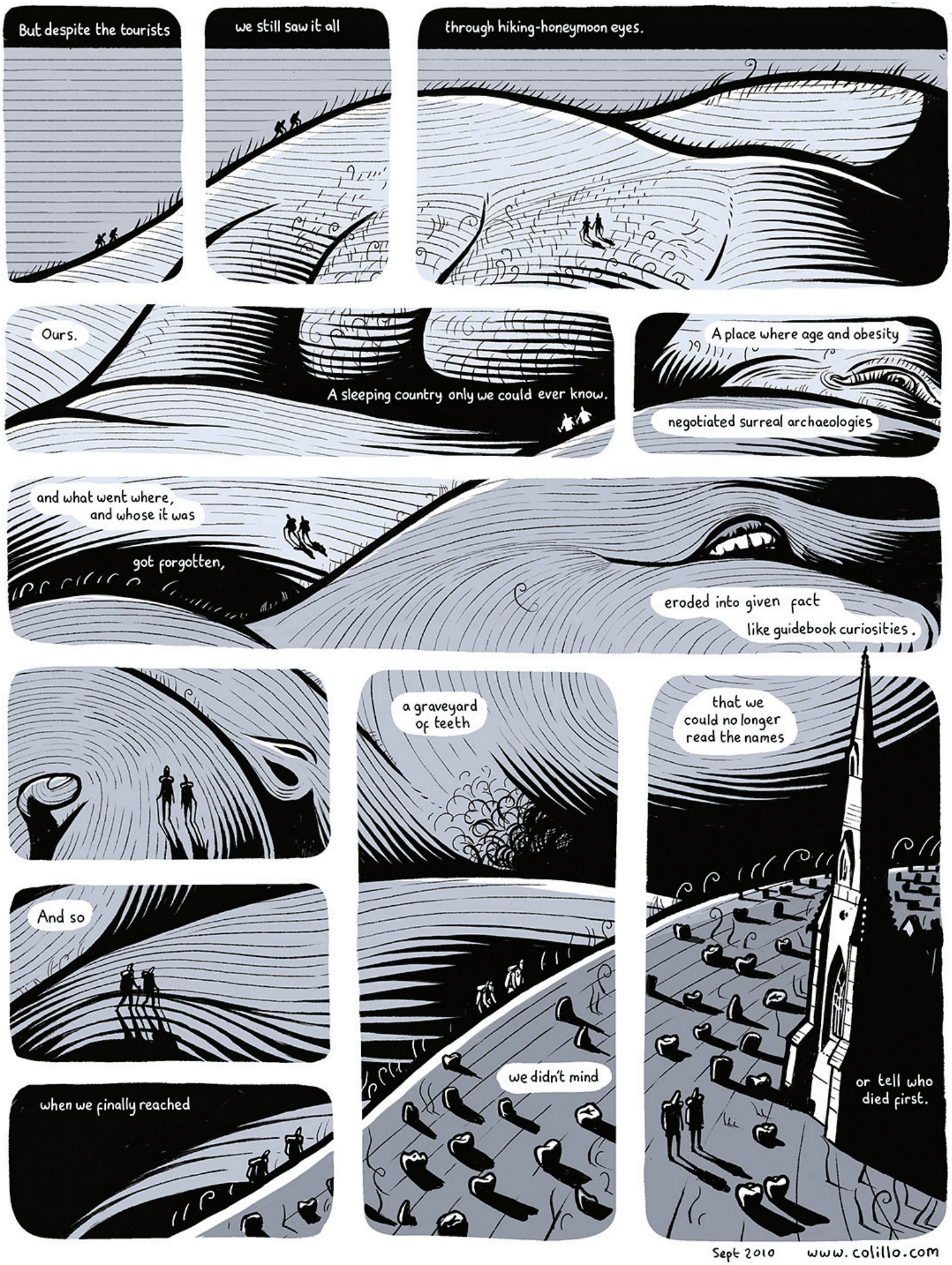
And as the storm blew all night
I looked down
at the weird linen landscape
our unfamiliar bodies had made
and felt so happy.
But when the morning came,
and the storm had passed...
D'ya know what ...
scratch scratch
I really...
really can't be arsed.
So we stayed in bed, for hours. Then days.
And as the hotel bills mounted, so did the excuses.
Let's just stay in bed today
We can restart the walk tomorrow
I think it was me who first suggested it.
Hey
What do you think would happen if we just, sort of...
never got up?
It is our honeymoon...
It's hard to explain, really. We just...
couldn't be bothered.

when we grew too fat to move.

And when our credit cards maxed out they even installed a viewing wall
so we could earn our keep.
THE WORLD'S
LAZIEST
COUPLE

People from all nations came to gaze as this landscape of flesh grew and grew.

Shoulders became mountains.
Valleys formed from arms.
Once-quaint nipples ballooned hungry suburbs of skin.
Giant geological shifts
with every fart and fidget.



Sept 2010 www.colillo.com

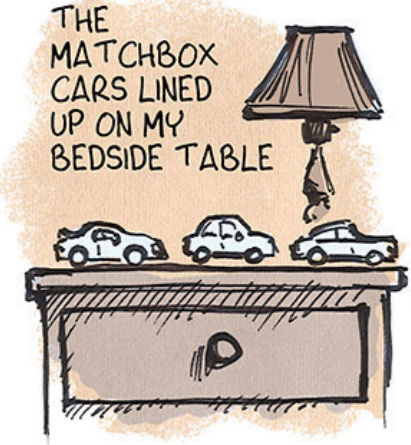
Ant Blades

Ant Blades started off illustrating and animating freelance. For seven years he had a cartoon strip called *Bewley* in the *Daily Express*. He recently founded Bird Box Studio, aiming to create short and funny animated films and adverts.

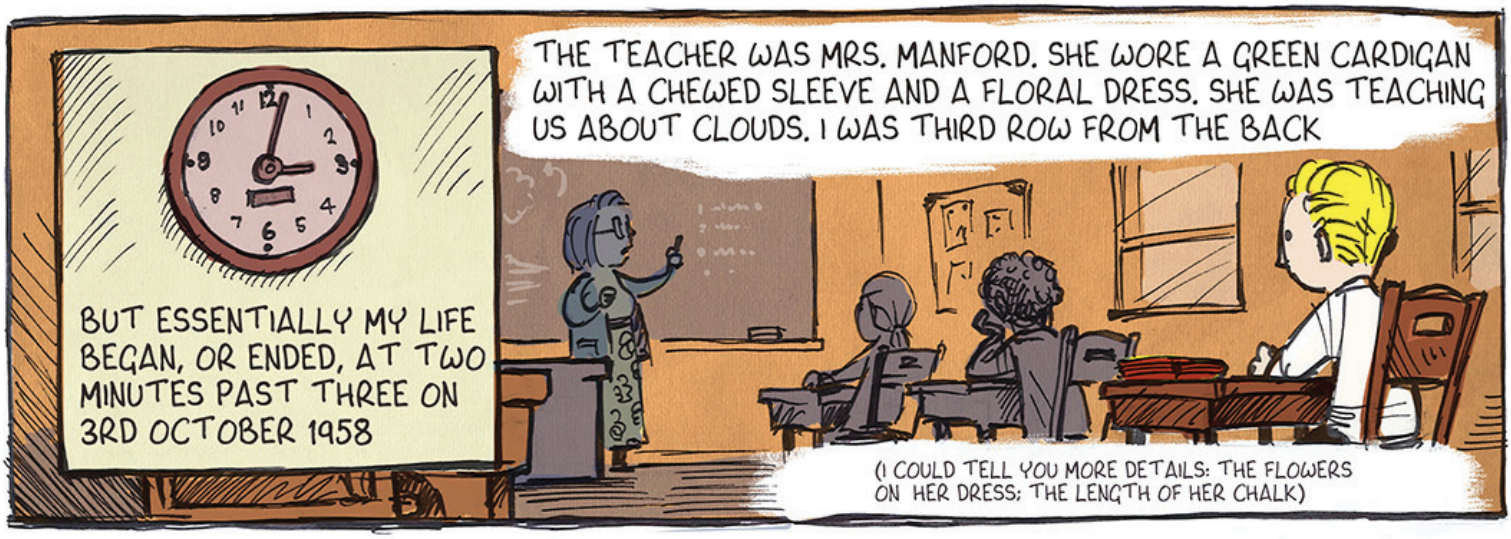
http://www.gocomics.com/bewley

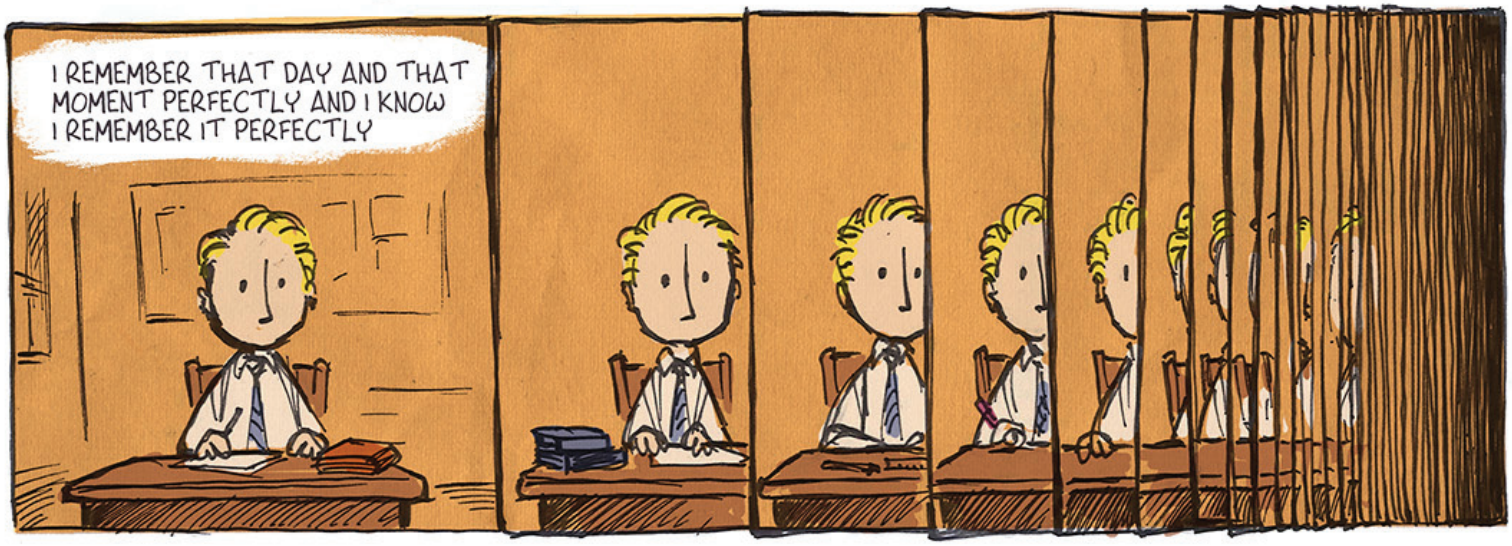
www.birdboxstudio.com

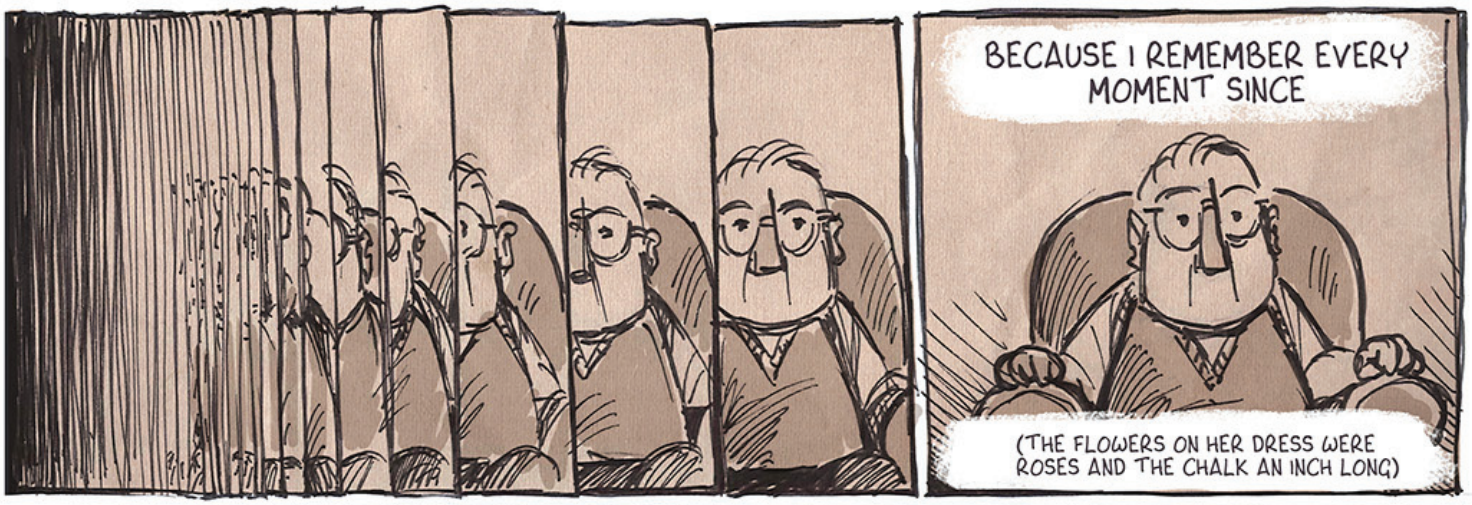
BEFORE 3RD OCTOBER 1958, EVERYTHING WAS NORMAL. I REMEMBER BITS AND BOBS



SOMETIMES SMELLS TAKE ME BACK TO TIMES BEFORE THE DATE. I LOOK BACK FONDLY AT THESE MOMENTS. I IMAGINE HOW HAPPY I MUST HAVE BEEN


BUT ESSENTIALLY MY LIFE BEGAN, OR ENDED, AT TWO MINUTES PAST THREE ON 3RD OCTOBER 1958
THE TEACHER WAS MRS. MANFORD. SHE WORE A GREEN CARDIGAN WITH A CHEWED SLEEVE AND A FLORAL DRESS. SHE WAS TEACHING US ABOUT CLOUDS. I WAS THIRD ROW FROM THE BACK
(I COULD TELL YOU MORE DETAILS: THE FLOWERS ON HER DRESS; THE LENGTH OF HER CHALK)





BECAUSE I REMEMBER EVERY MOMENT SINCE

(THE FLOWERS ON HER DRESS WERE ROSES AND THE CHALK AN INCH LONG)

I HAVE A CONDITION CALLED HYPERTHYMESIA

IT'S A RARE CONDITION AND ONE WE CAN'T OFFER ANY HELP WITH. YOU'RE JUST LUCKY

I REMEMBER EVERYTHING. WITHOUT TRYING. WITHOUGHT CONCENTRATING. IT ALL STICKS.

FROM THAT MOMENT ON,

THE MORE I LEARNT . . .

CUMULUS ARE WHITE CLOUDS SEEN ON NIC AN INDICATOR OF A

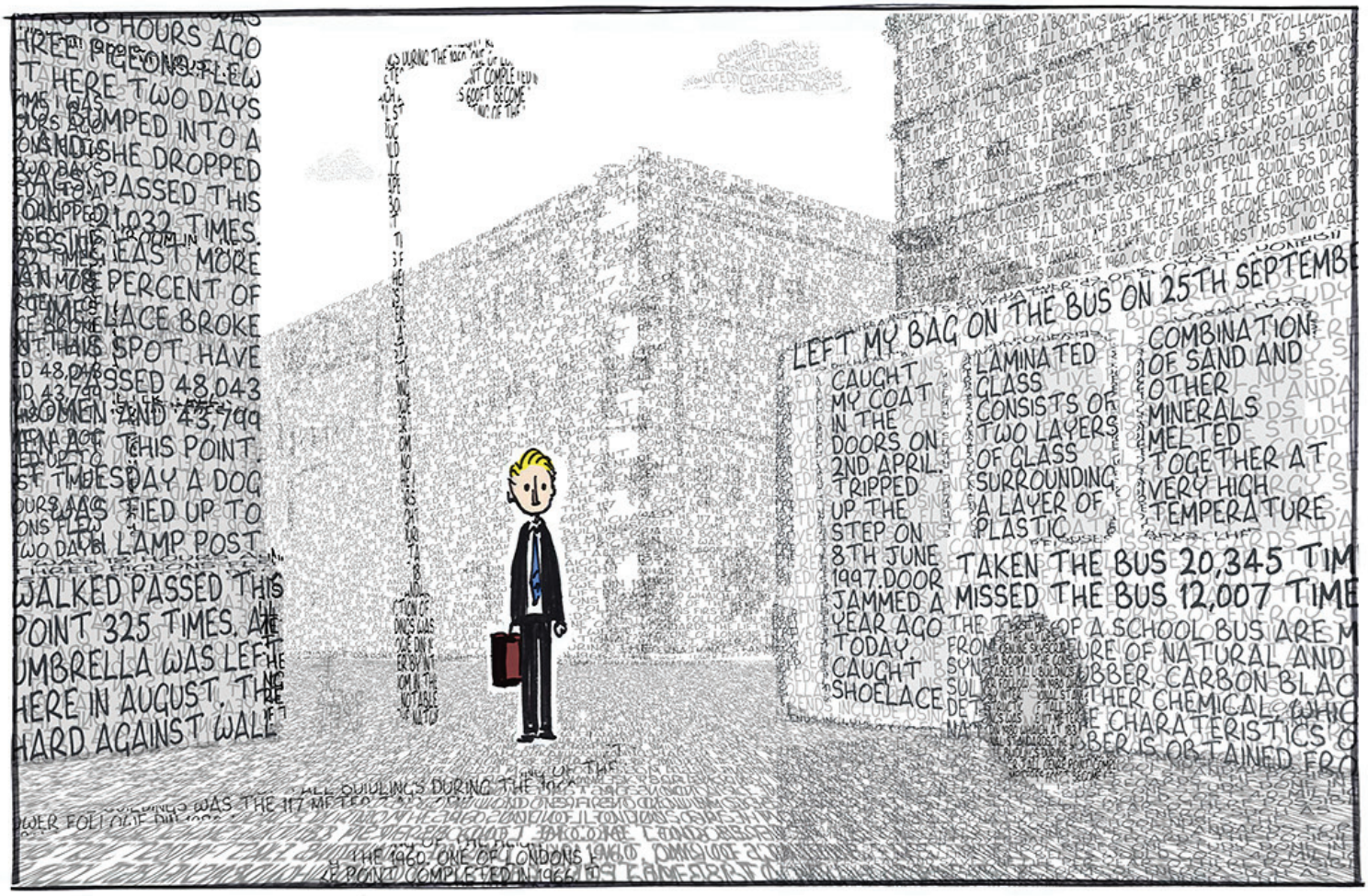
FLUFFY E DAYS PPROACHING

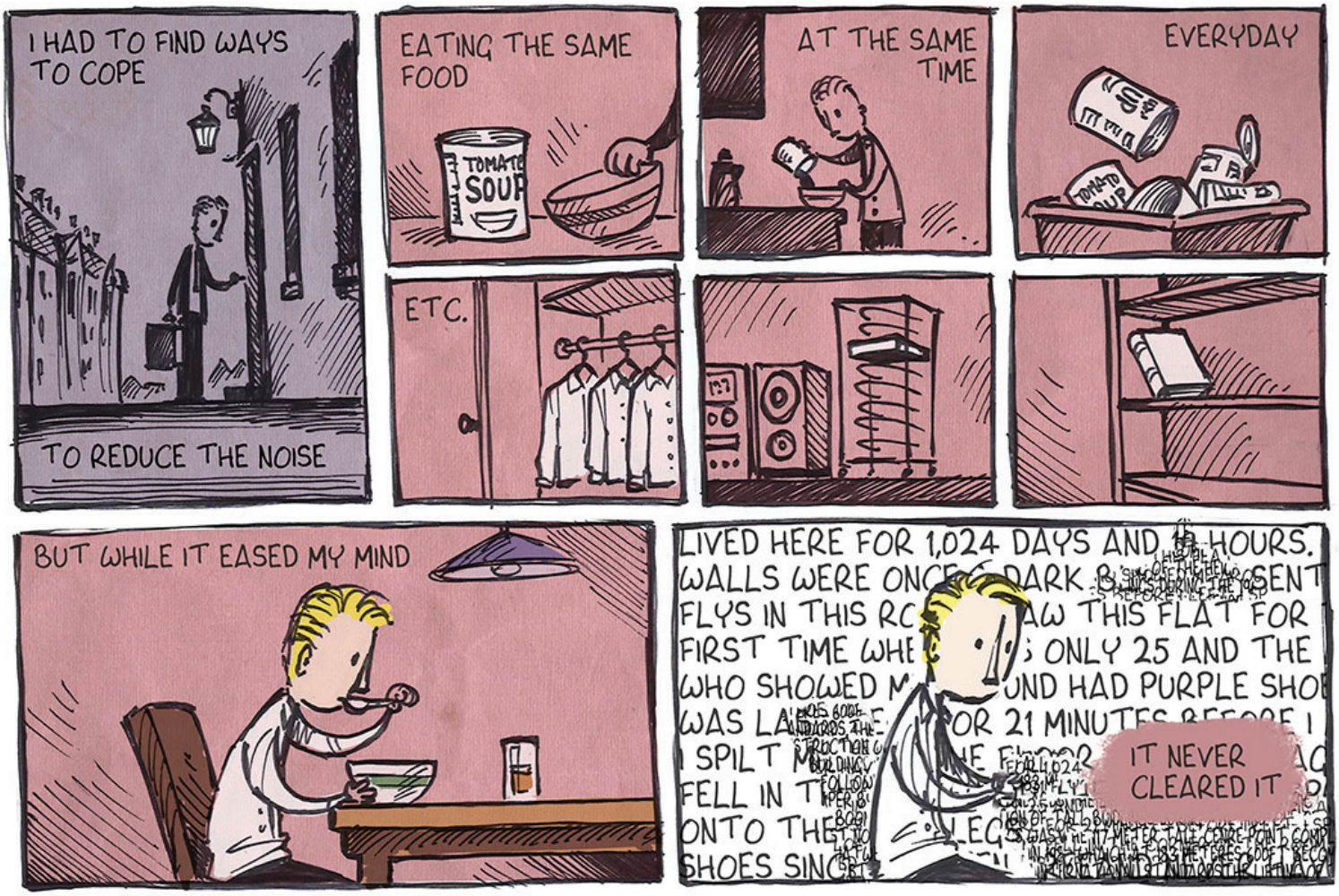
WHITE FLUFFY ON NICE DAYS R OF APPROACHING

CUMULUS WHITE FLUFFY CLOUDS SEEN ON NICE DAYS AN INDICATOR OF APPROACHING WEATHER

CUMULUS WHITE FLUFFY CLOUDS SEEN ON NICE DAYS AN INDICATOR OF APPROACHING WEATHER

THE MORE I COULD NEVER FORGET


LEFT MY BAG ON THE BUS ON 25TH SEPTEMB
CAUGHT MY COAT IN THE DOORS ON 2ND APRIL. TRIPPED UP THE STEP ON 8TH JUNE 1997. DOOR JAMMED A YEAR AGO TODAY CAUGHT SHOELACE
LAMINATED GLASS CONSISTS OF TWO LAYERS OF GLASS SURROUNDING A LAYER OF PLASTIC
COMBINATION OF SAND AND OTHER MINERALS MELTED TOGETHER AT VERY HIGH TEMPERATURE
TAKEN THE BUS 20,345 TIM
MISSED THE BUS 12,007 TIME
WALKED PASSED THIS POINT 325 TIMES. A
UMBRELLA WAS LEF
HERE IN AUGUST. THE
HARD AGAINST WALE


I HAD TO FIND WAYS TO COPE
TO REDUCE THE NOISE
EATING THE SAME FOOD
TOMATO SOUP
AT THE SAME TIME
EVERYDAY
TOMATO SOUP
ETC.
BUT WHILE IT EASED MY MIND
IT NEVER CLEARED IT

I LONGED FOR A WAY TO FREE MY HEAD

TO EMPTY IT BEFORE IT BURST

IN DESPERATION

I WROTE DOWN PAGES AND PAGES OF MEMORIES

AND BURNT THEM

OF COURSE IT DIDN'T WORK

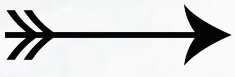
WHY WOULD IT?

ALL I COULD DO WAS WAIT FOR THE PLAY TO END

ARE YOU FINISHED HERE?

OH LOOK! ON THE SUN DIAL. VERY BEAUTIFUL. WHAT BIRD IS THIS?

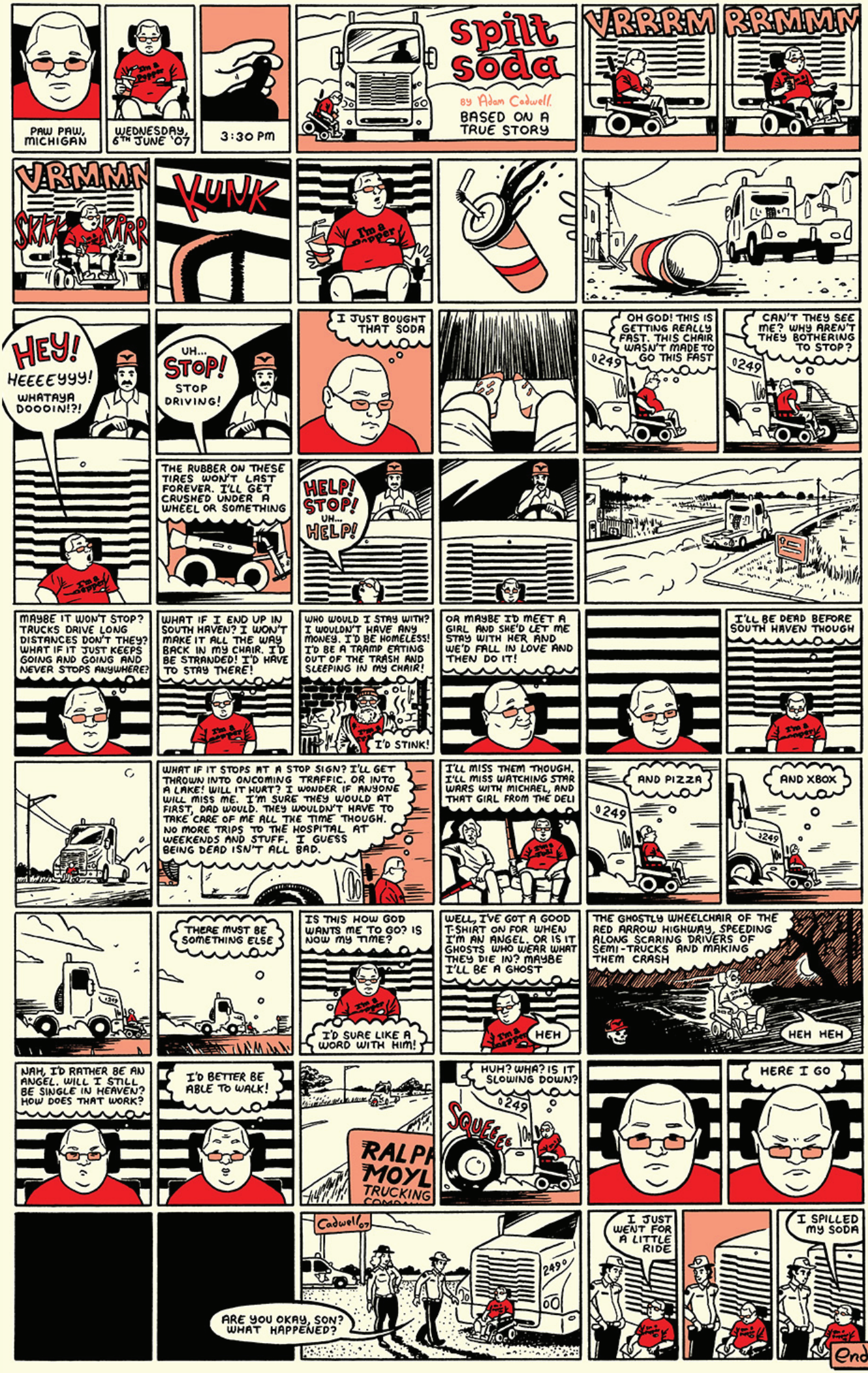
I FORGET



Adam Cadwell

Adam Cadwell is a Manchester-based cartoonist/illustrator/storyboard artist and the creator of *Blood Blokes*, *The King of Things* and *The Everyday*. For a grown man he probably has too much Lego.

adamcadwell.com

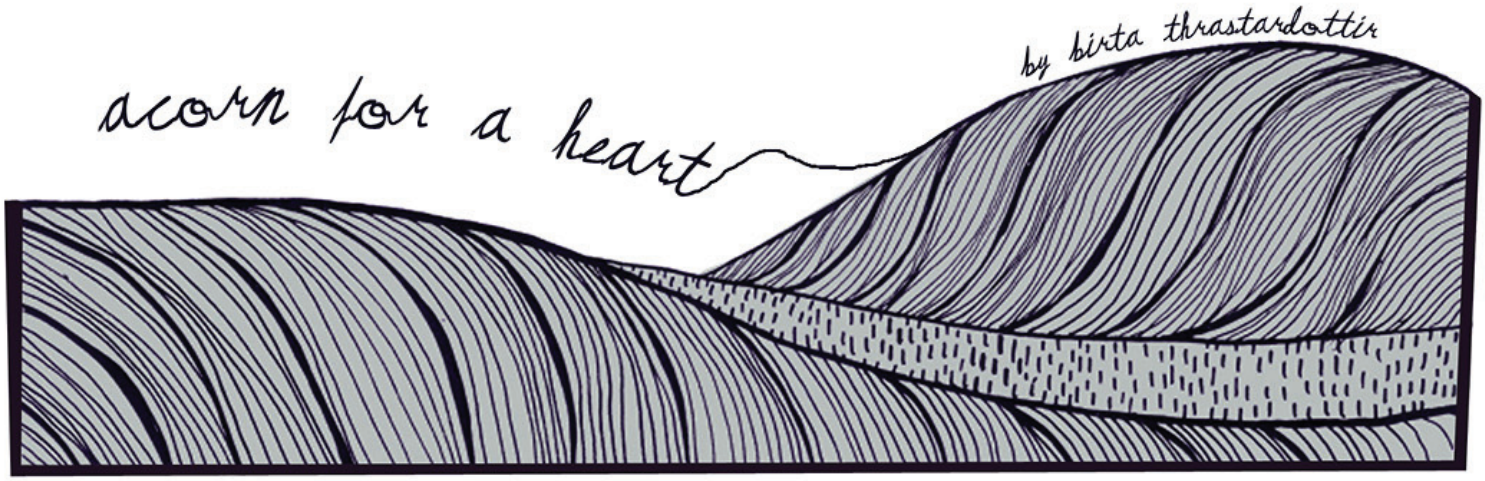

PAW PAW, MICHIGAN
WEDNESDAY, 6TH JUNE '07
3:30 PM
spilt soda
by Adam Cadwell.
BASED ON A TRUE STORY
VRRRM
RRMMM
VRMMM
SKKK
KPRR
KUNK
I'm a crapper
HEY!
HEEEEYYY!
WHATAYA DOOOIN!?!
UH... STOP!
STOP DRIVING!
I JUST BOUGHT THAT SODA
OH GOD! THIS IS GETTING REALLY FAST. THIS CHAIR WASN'T MADE TO GO THIS FAST
CAN'T THEY SEE ME? WHY AREN'T THEY BOTHERING TO STOP?
0249
THE RUBBER ON THESE TIRES WON'T LAST FOREVER. I'LL GET CRUSHED UNDER A WHEEL OR SOMETHING
HELP! STOP! UH... HELP!
MAYBE IT WON'T STOP? TRUCKS DRIVE LONG DISTANCES DON'T THEY? WHAT IF IT JUST KEEPS GOING AND GOING AND NEVER STOPS ANYWHERE?
WHAT IF I END UP IN SOUTH HAVEN? I WON'T MAKE IT ALL THE WAY BACK IN MY CHAIR. I'D BE STRANDED! I'D HAVE TO STAY THERE!
WHO WOULD I STAY WITH? I WOULDN'T HAVE ANY MONEY. I'D BE HOMELESS! I'D BE A TRAMP EATING OUT OF THE TRASH AND SLEEPING IN MY CHAIR!
I'D STINK!
OR MAYBE I'D MEET A GIRL AND SHE'D LET ME STAY WITH HER AND WE'D FALL IN LOVE AND THEN DO IT!
I'LL BE DEAD BEFORE SOUTH HAVEN THOUGH
WHAT IF IT STOPS AT A STOP SIGN? I'LL GET THROWN INTO ONCOMING TRAFFIC. OR INTO A LAKE! WILL IT HURT? I WONDER IF ANYONE WILL MISS ME. I'M SURE THEY WOULD AT FIRST, DAD WOULD. THEY WOULDN'T HAVE TO TAKE CARE OF ME ALL THE TIME THOUGH. NO MORE TRIPS TO THE HOSPITAL AT WEEKENDS AND STUFF. I GUESS BEING DEAD ISN'T ALL BAD.
I'LL MISS THEM THOUGH. I'LL MISS WATCHING STAR WARS WITH MICHAEL, AND THAT GIRL FROM THE DELI
AND PIZZA
AND XBOX
3249
THERE MUST BE SOMETHING ELSE
IS THIS HOW GOD WANTS ME TO GO? IS NOW MY TIME?
I'D SURE LIKE A WORD WITH HIM!
WELL, I'VE GOT A GOOD T-SHIRT ON FOR WHEN I'M AN ANGEL. OR IS IT GHOSTS WHO WEAR WHAT THEY DIE IN? MAYBE I'LL BE A GHOST
HEH
THE GHOSTLY WHEELCHAIR OF THE RED ARROW HIGHWAY, SPEEDING ALONG SCARING DRIVERS OF SEMI-TRUCKS AND MAKING THEM CRASH
HEH HEH
NAH, I'D RATHER BE AN ANGEL. WILL I STILL BE SINGLE IN HEAVEN? HOW DOES THAT WORK?
I'D BETTER BE ABLE TO WALK!
RALPH MOYL TRUCKING
HUH? WHA? IS IT SLOWING DOWN?
SQUEEE
HERE I GO
Cadwell 07
ARE YOU OKAY, SON? WHAT HAPPENED?
I JUST WENT FOR A LITTLE RIDE
I SPILLED MY SODA
End.

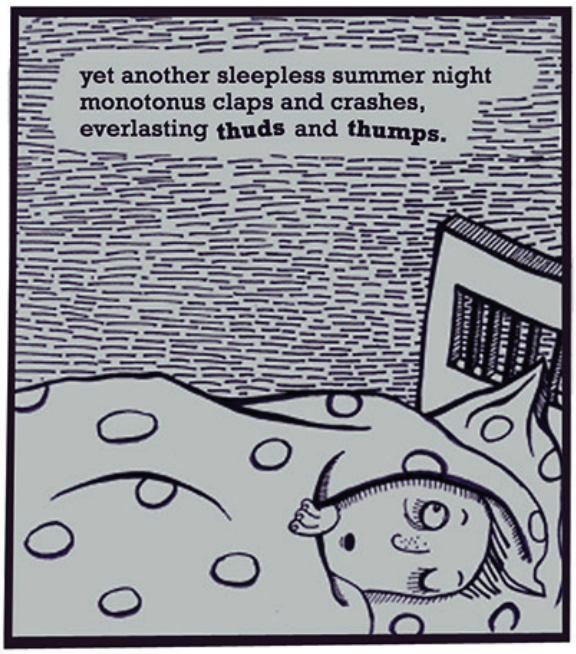
Birta Thrastardottir

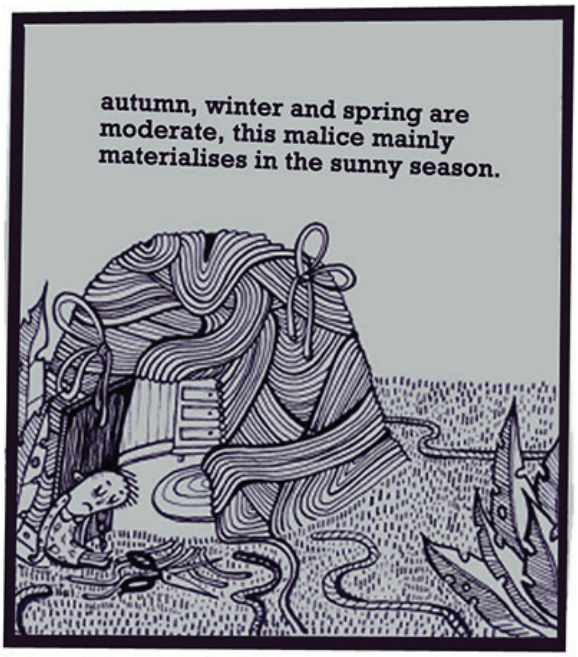
Birta Thrastardottir is an Icelandic animator and illustrator based in Brighton, currently working on her first children's book. Surreal existentialism and humour are elements close to her heart, as well as breaking up stereotypes and social behaviour. She studied Animation at Central Saint Martins, London, and has an MA degree in Sequential Design and Illustration from the University of Brighton.

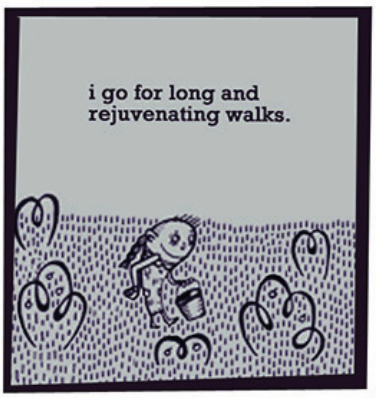
acorn for a heart

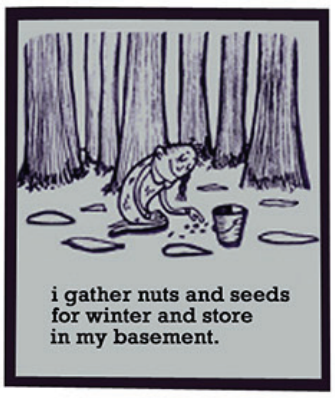
by birta thrastardottir





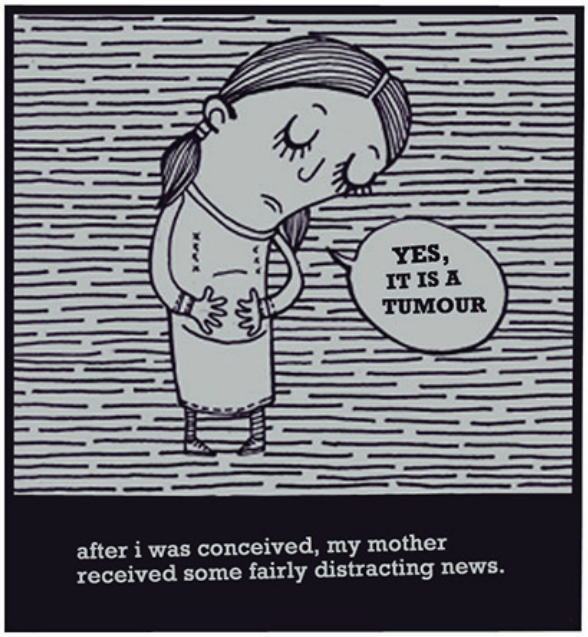


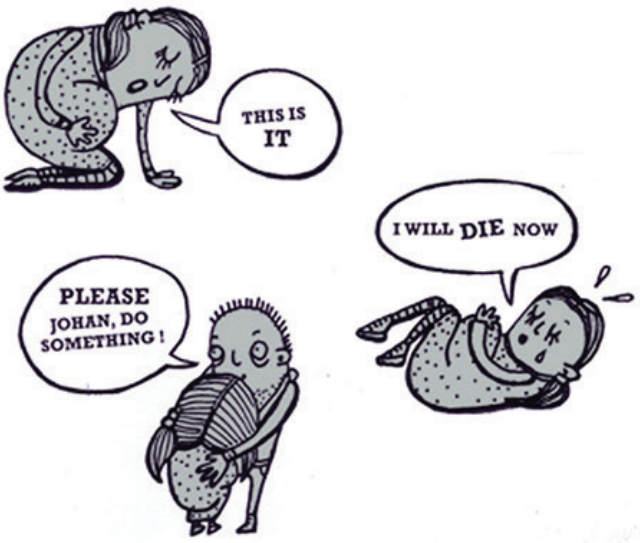


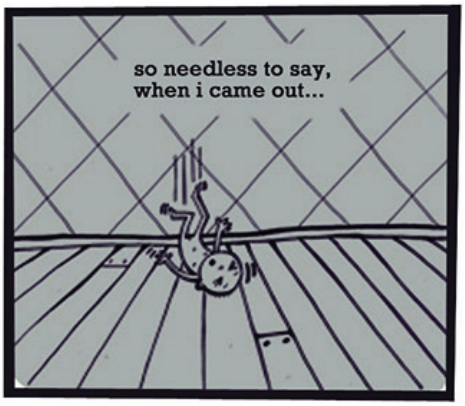


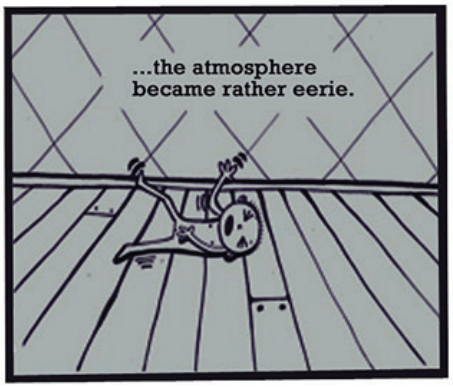
flower petals
leaves, twigs,
bones and branches
become systematic
collections.

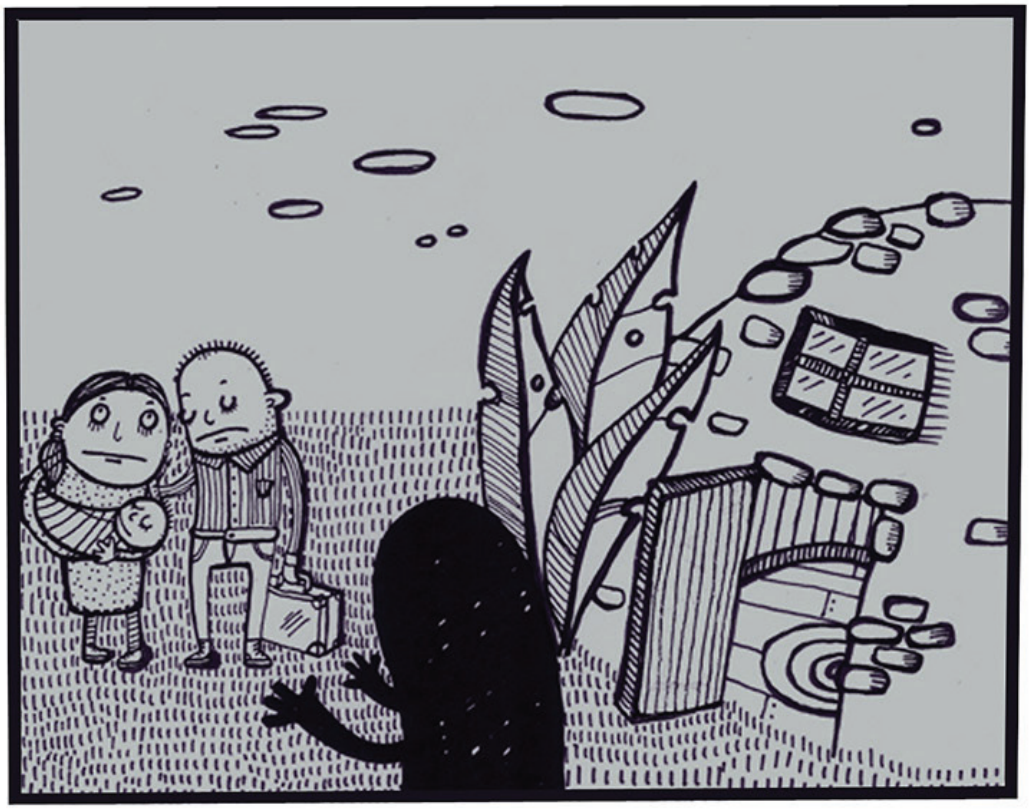
harmonizing thoughts,
overcoming turmoil.

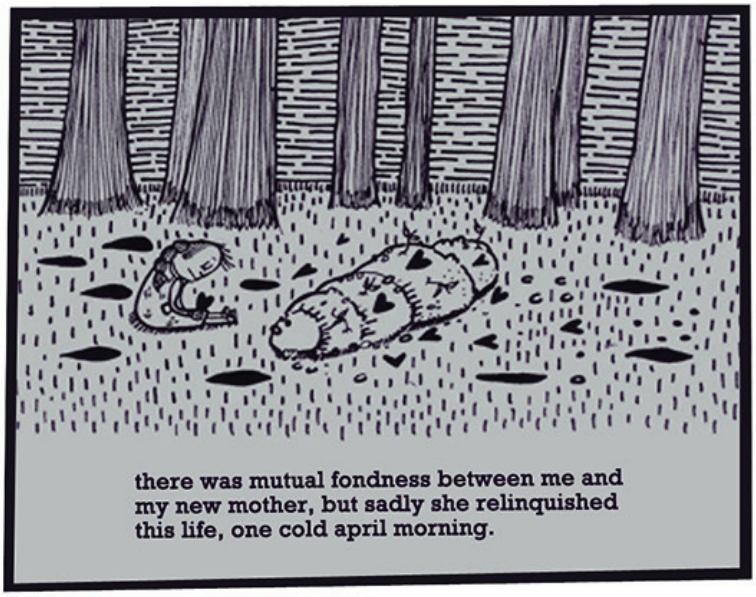

YES, IT IS A TUMOUR
after i was conceived, my mother received some fairly distracting news.

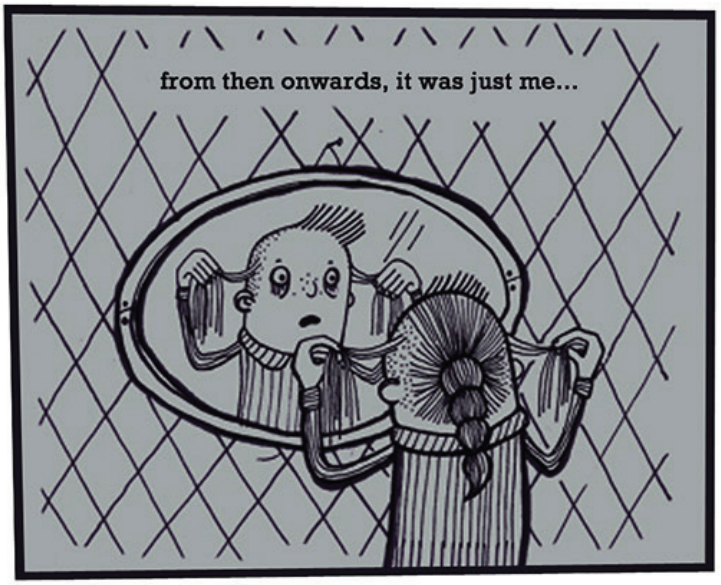

THIS IS IT
I WILL DIE NOW
PLEASE JOHAN, DO SOMETHING!


so needless to say, when i came out...

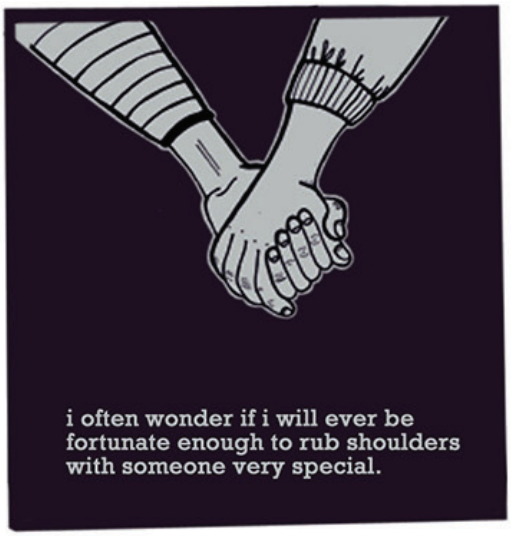

...the atmosphere became rather eerie.

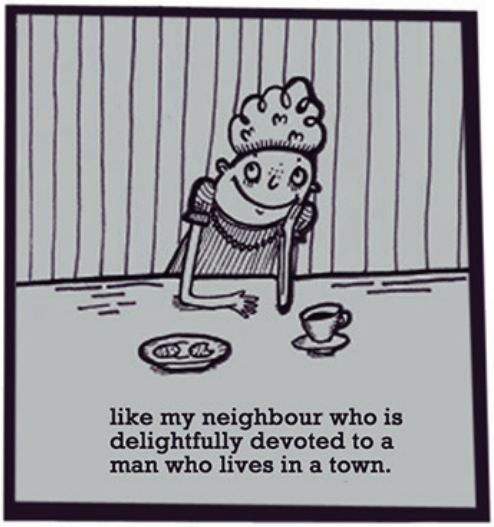



there was mutual fondness between me and my new mother, but sadly she relinquished this life, one cold april morning.

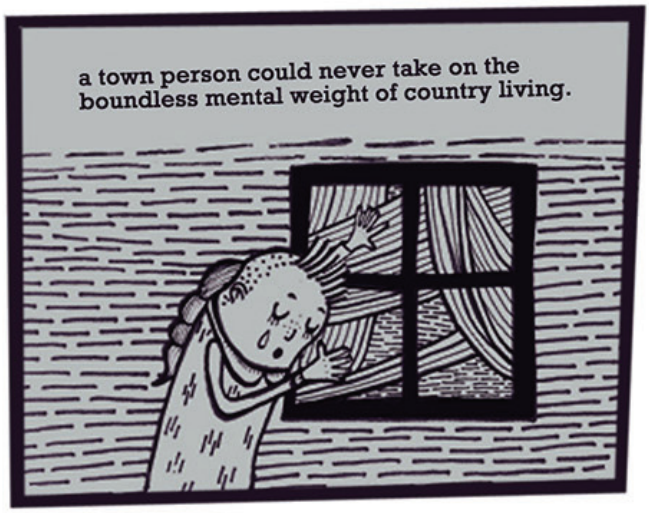

from then onwards, it was just me...

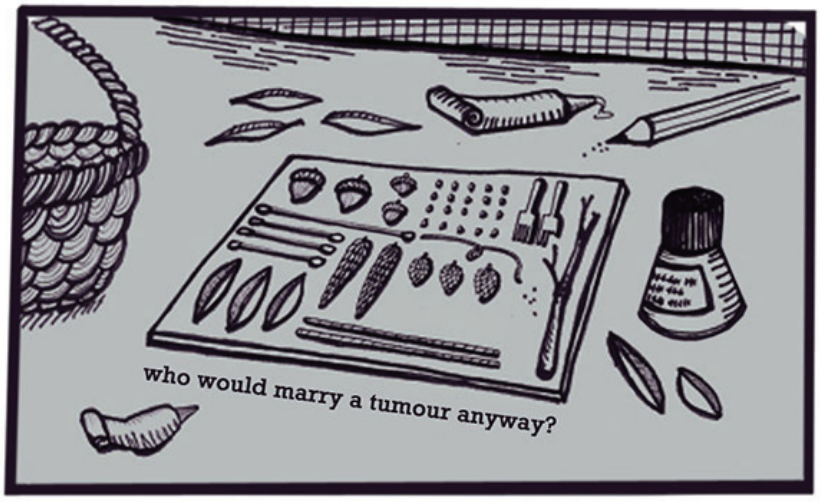
i can hear my own heart beating in the humble soil. this forest is all i have - my family, my closest friend.

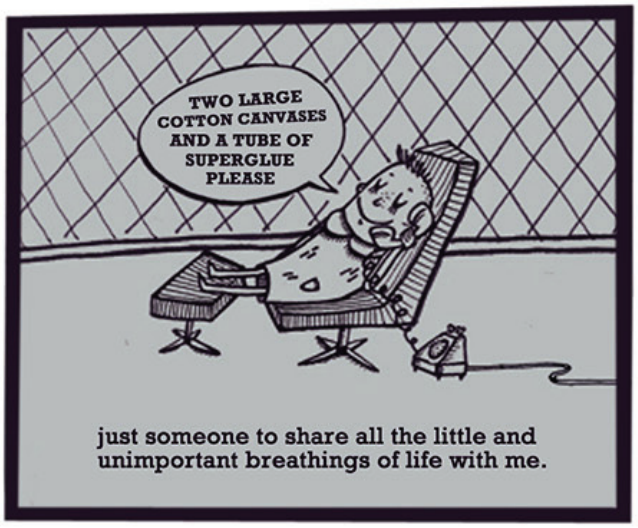

i often wonder if i will ever be fortunate enough to rub shoulders with someone very special.


like my neighbour who is delightfully devoted to a man who lives in a town.

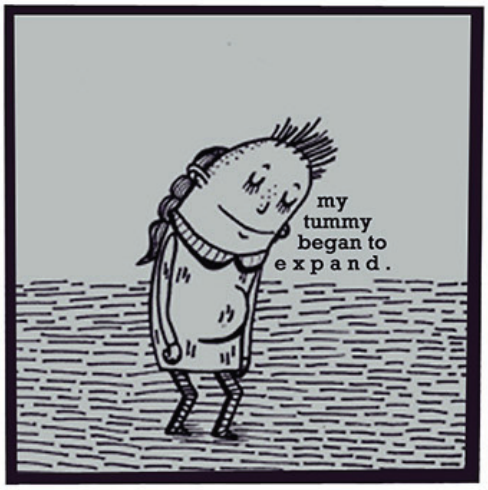
but mine will not be a town person...

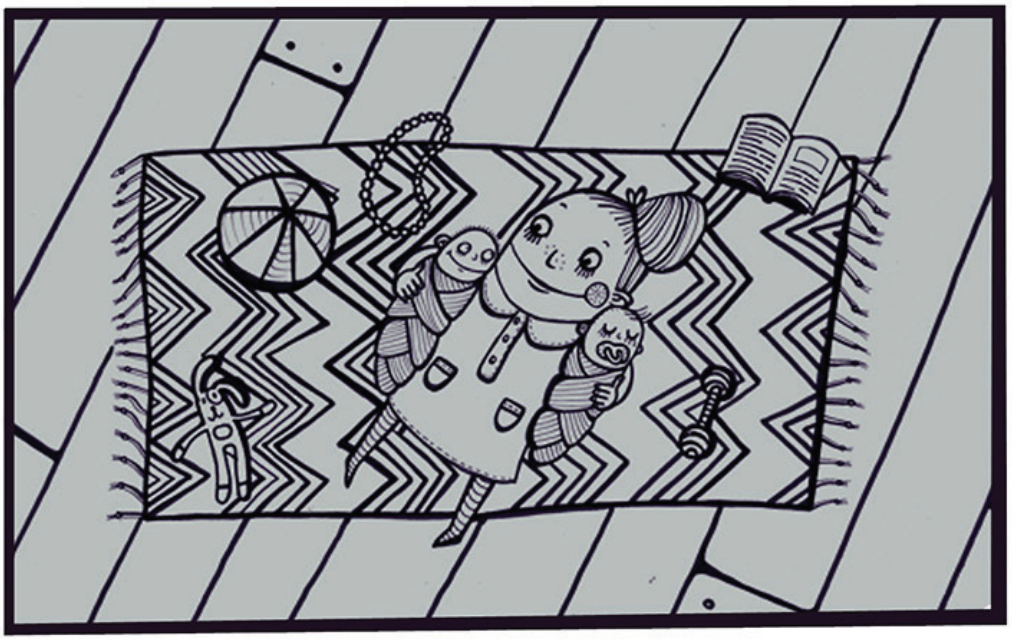

a town person could never take on the boundless mental weight of country living.


who would marry a tumour anyway?


TWO LARGE COTTON CANVASES AND A TUBE OF SUPERGLUE PLEASE
just someone to share all the little and unimportant breathings of life with me.

so i soon began asking for more frequent deliveries of art materials.



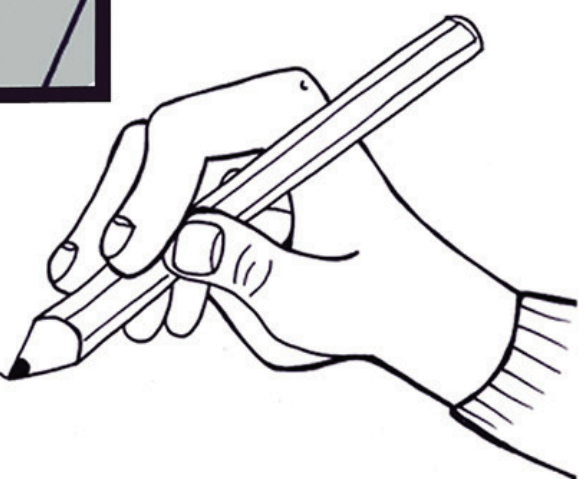


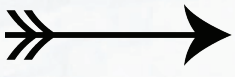
my spirit became jolly!

the soft sound
of tiny breaths.

a harmonious blanket,
spread ever so gently
over my entire existence.

from then on, seasons came and seasons went - each as welcome as the other.



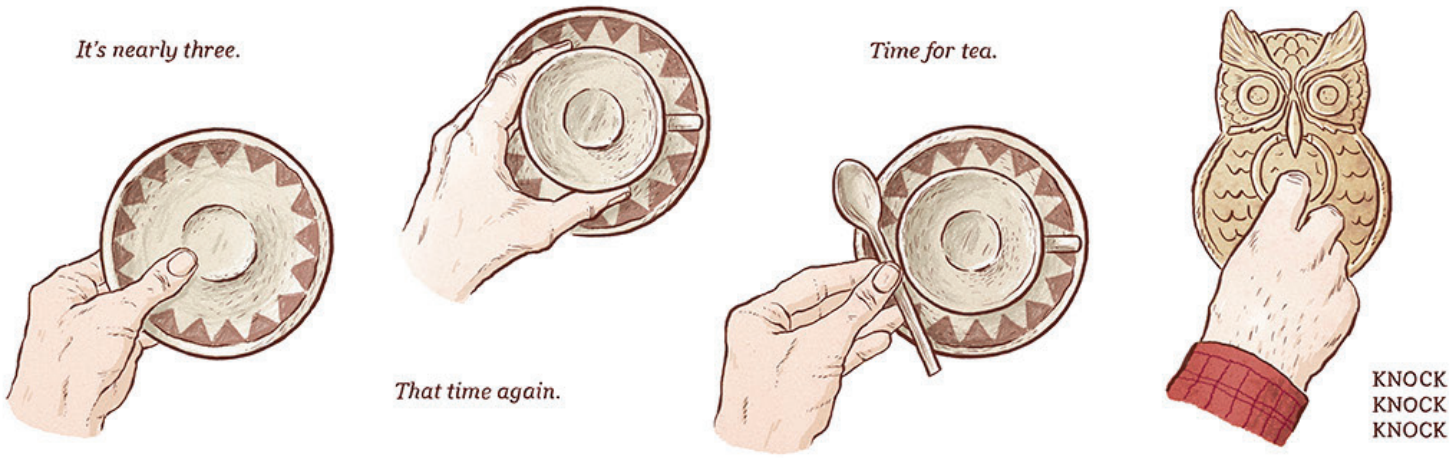


A.J. Poyiadgi

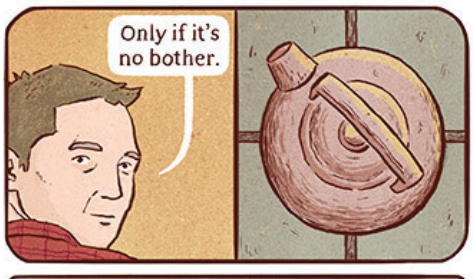
A.J. Poyiadgi makes films by day and comics by night. He likes the collaborative nature of one and the solitary demands of the other. He has produced work for several advertising agencies and has won numerous film-festival awards.

The backgrounds for *Teapot Therapy* were made using honest-to-goodness English Breakfast tea, brewed for about 6–8 minutes. Any leftover tea was used as late-night fuel.

teapottherapy.com



TEAPOT THERAPY



I still love making the effort. All the trimmings.
Most important meal of the day, you'd say.

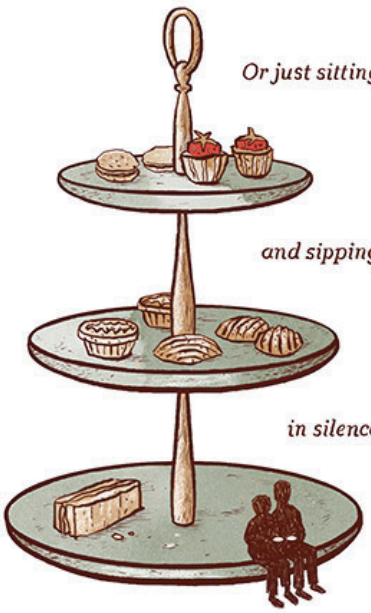
I knew the tone of your tea, to a tee.

It was quiet when the kids left home.

Teatimes filled the space, kept us close. We called it teapot therapy.

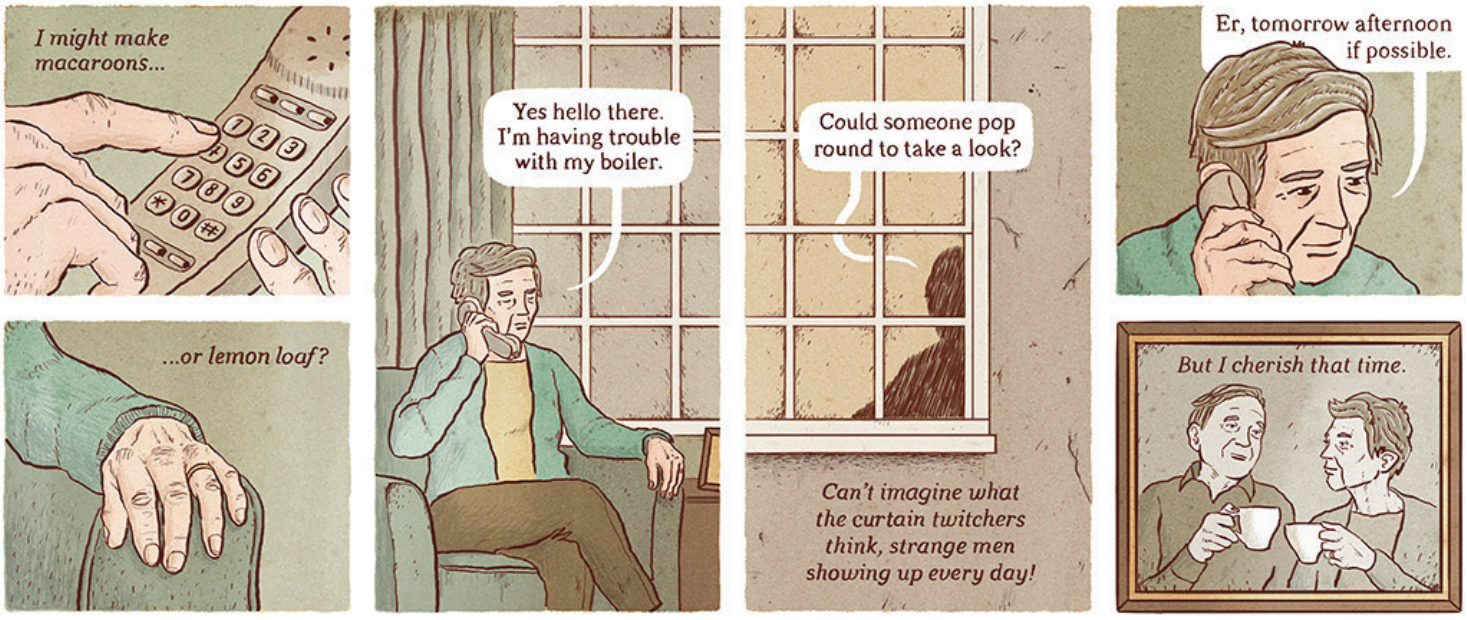
over
conversations
bottomless
Endless
cups.

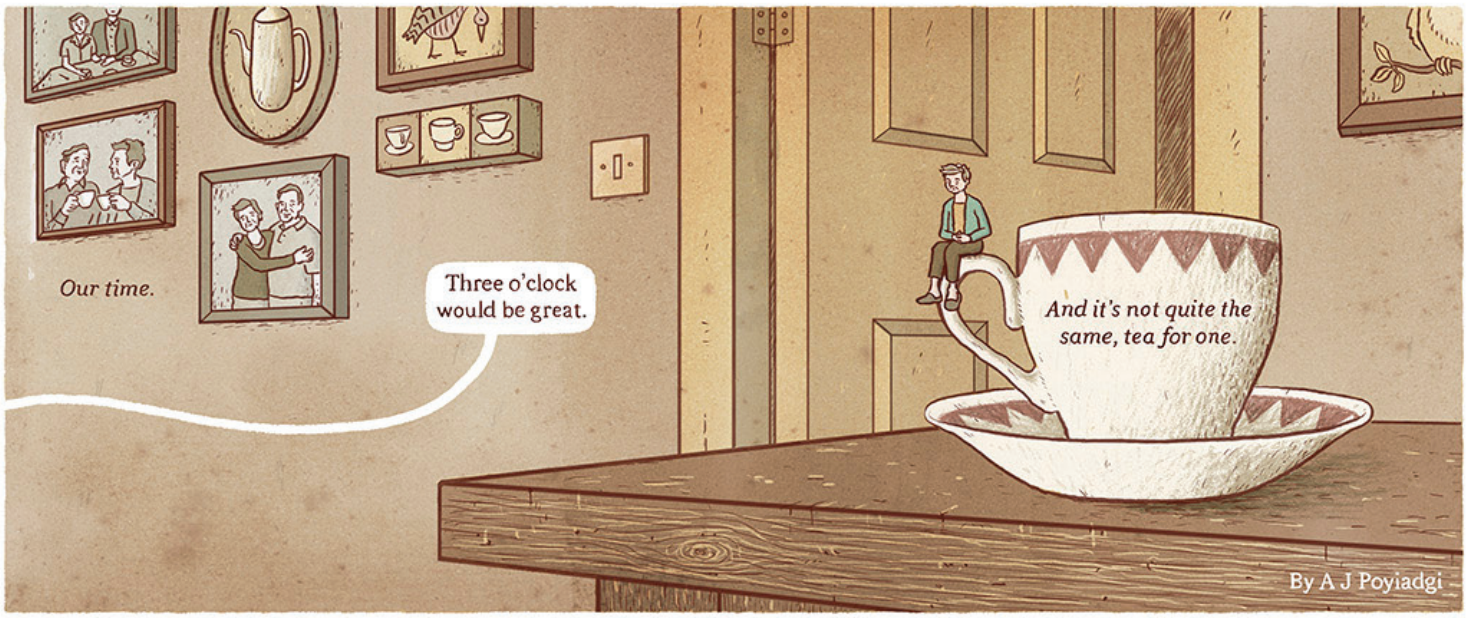
Or just sitting,
and sipping,
in silence.

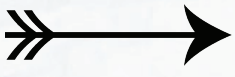


The odd factory farmed biccy was fine by you.
Here, try one of these. Mint choc chip.
But I'd insist on homemade.
It's like a ritual.
Still do.
And it certainly beats daytime telly.
Scrumptious.
Right, better see to that boiler.
I still see your face.
All over the place.
"All done."
She's warming up nicely.
I've replaced the missing part, but I won't charge you for it.
That's kind.
Can I at least offer you another cuppa? You've not tried the scones.
Don't tempt me. I've got two more jobs to get to.
Thanks again for the tea.
Pleasure.

BISC
Now, for tomorrow.


I might make macaroons...
...or lemon loaf?
Yes hello there. I'm having trouble with my boiler.
Could someone pop round to take a look?
Can't imagine what the curtain twitchers think, strange men showing up every day!
Er, tomorrow afternoon if possible.
But I cherish that time.


Our time.
Three o'clock would be great.
And it's not quite the same, tea for one.
By A J Poyiadgi



Faye Moorhouse

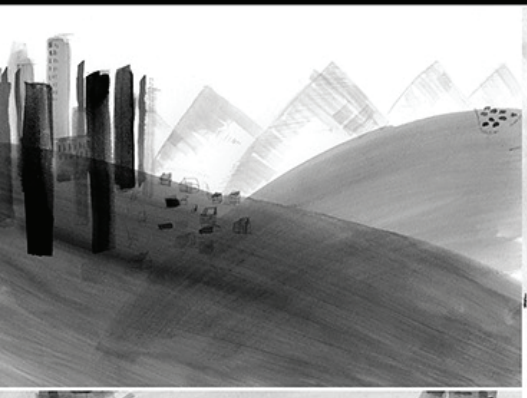
Based in Sussex, Faye Moorhouse studied on the illustration course at the University for the Creative Arts in Maidstone, Kent, where she gained a First Class Honours in 2011. Faye loves to tell stories through her illustrations; to create atmospheres, landscapes and characters. A lot of her subject matter is often a little strange; it has a definite thread of dark humour running through it.

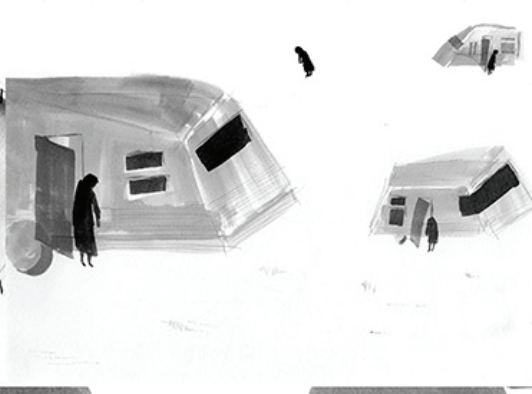
She creates her own self-published, hand-bound, illustrated books and zines.

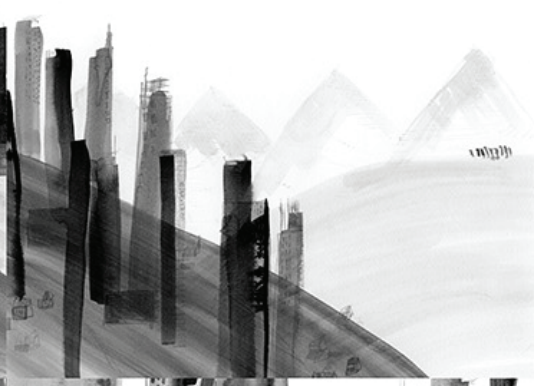
www.fayemoorhouse.co.uk

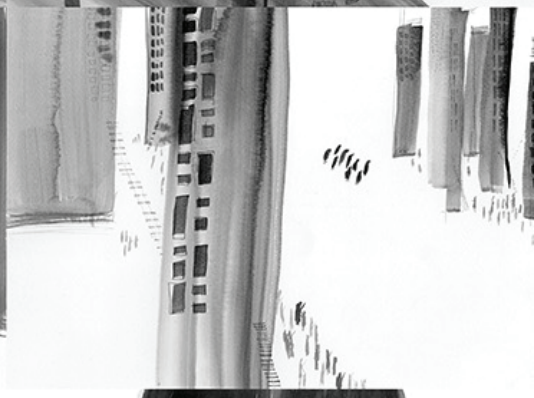
The cat ladies of Czechoslovakia.

ONCE A YEAR THE NINE CAT LADIES EMBARK ON A SEVEN-HOUR TREK OVER THE HILLS TO THE CITY TO BUY CAT FOOD. THE LOCALS AWAIT THEIR VISIT WITH GREAT FEAR.

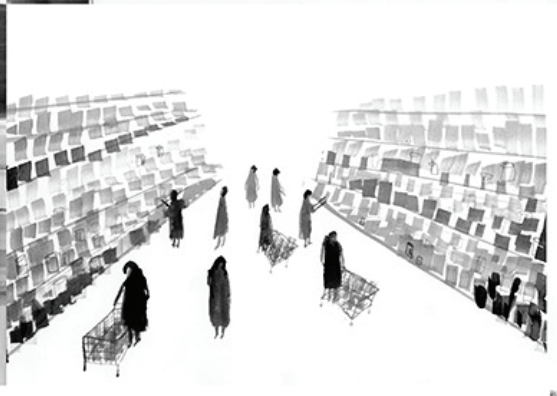


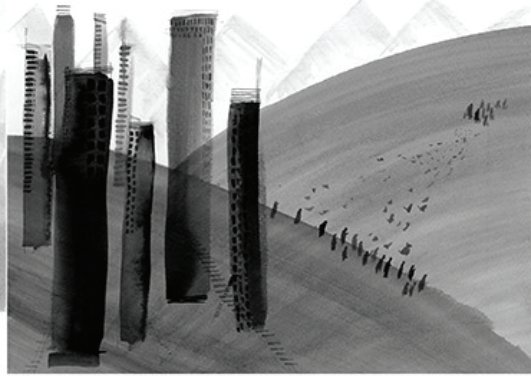


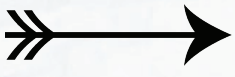




POTRAVINY







Olu Oke

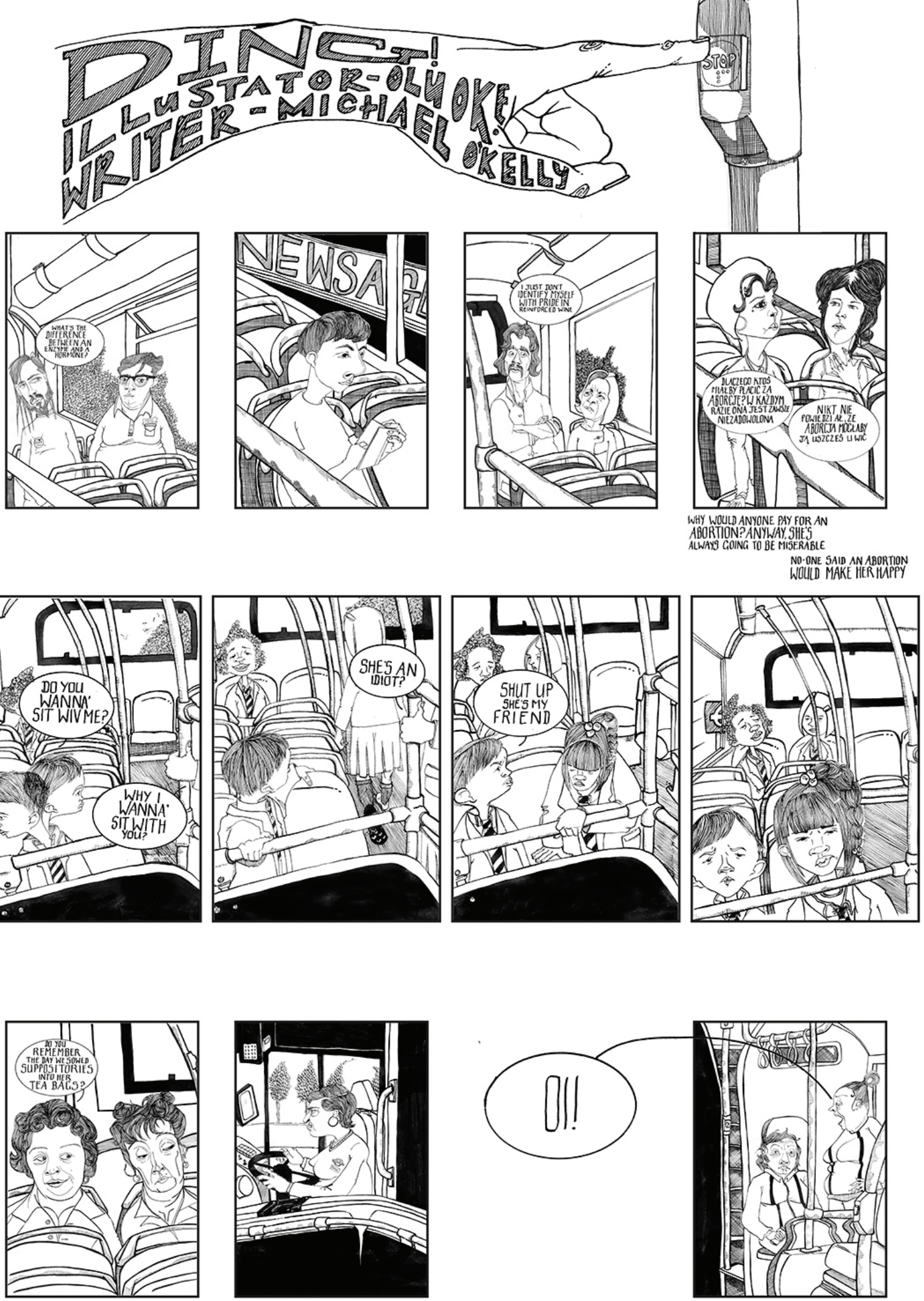
Born and bred in London, Olu was the quintessential latch-key kid. Her artist's training started on various walls in and around the home. These skills were further nurtured at Edinburgh College of Art, where techniques such as printmaking, digital illustration and book-binding were added to her pen and ink repertoire.

Michael O'Kelly

Michael O'Kelly is a writer, film-maker and assistant director. Every award he has ever won has been for pieces set on the upper decks of buses, which is beginning to make him worry about his range.

www.oluoke.com

www.emperorsnew.com


DING!
ILLUSTRATOR-OLIVIA OKE
WRITER-MICHAEL O'KELLY
STOP
WHAT'S THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN AN ENZYME AND A HORMONE?
NEWSA
I JUST DON'T IDENTIFY MYSELF WITH PRIDE IN REINFORCED WINE
DLACZEGO KTOS MIAŁBY PŁACIĆ ZA ABORCJĘ? W KAŻDYM RAZIE ONA JEST ZAWSZE NIEZADOWOLONA
NIKT NIE POWIEDZIAŁ, ŻE ABORCJA MOGŁABY JĄ USZCZĘŚLIWIĆ
WHY WOULD ANYONE PAY FOR AN ABORTION? ANYWAY, SHE'S ALWAYS GOING TO BE MISERABLE
NO-ONE SAID AN ABORTION WOULD MAKE HER HAPPY
DO YOU WANNA' SIT WIV ME?
WHY I WANNA' SIT WITH YOU?
SHE'S AN IDIOT?
SHUT UP SHE'S MY FRIEND
DO YOU REMEMBER THE DAY WE SOWED SUPPOSITORIES INTO HER TEA BAGS?
OI!

I'D NEVER PAY FOR AN ABORTION. THAT'S NOT WHY I CAME HERE.

NO-ONE EXPECTS AN ABORTION ABORTION TO MAKE YOU HAPPY.

I HAVE PRIDE. I HAVE LOTS OF PRIDE.
MIAŁAŚ ABORCJE ZAPŁACIŁAŚ ZA NIA?
ABORCJA NIE ROZWIĄZAŁA MOJEGO PROBLEMU
YOU'VE HAD AN ABORTION
YOU DIDN'T PAY FOR IT?
MY ABORTION DIDN'T MAKE ME HAPPY

PEOPLE ARE WEIRD MAN. THEY SPEND ALL DAY SAYING...
THEY HATE SCHOOL THEN HANG AROUND THERE WHEN IT'S FINISHED. DOESN'T MEAN YOU'RE HARD HANGING AROUND SCHOOL.
NO
IF YOU WANT TO BE HARD YOU HANG AROUND AT BUS STOPS
I CAN MAKE ANYONE ANGRY

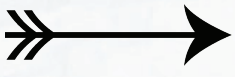
I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT
YES YOU DO. THAT BITCH SHE WAS ALWAYS TIMED YOU HAVING A FAG.. YOU KNOW. YOU TOOK ALL THE NEEDLES WHEN YOU LEFT AND SHE LOST IT. MORE. SHE WENT TO THE TOILET. THE MORE TEA SHE DRANK
DON'T MUG ME OFF

ROZMAWIAMY O ABORCJI, A NIE O SZCZĘŚCIU DLACZEGO POWRACASZ DO O SZCZĘŚCIU?
NIKT NIE OCZEKUJE ODE MNIE ŻEBYM BYŁA SZCZĘŚLIWA, JA JESTEM

WE'RE TALKING ABOUT ABORTION, NOT HAPPINESS. WHY DO YOU KEEP ON ABOUT HAPPINESS

NO ONE EXPECTS ME TO BE HAPPY. BUT I AM.

TRANSLATION
DOMINIKA JELEŃSKA
BASIA BRZEZIECKA



Isabel Greenberg

Isabel Greenberg is a London-based illustrator and comics artist. Her work has appeared in publications by NoBrow Press and *Solipsistic Pop*.

Love in a Very Cold Climate is a story from a graphic novel she is currently working on, called *The Encyclopaedia of Early Earth*.

www.isabelnecessary.com

LOVE IN A VERY COLD CLIMATE

When the Nord man and the Su-it woman first paddled their canoes alongside each other, in the icy seas of the South Pole, it was clear to them both, within seconds that they were soulmates.

He was the first Nord (North-Pole dweller) to ever circumvect Early Earth and land on the shores of the South Pole.

Which is why they had no idea about the perverse magnetic field of Early Earth

Had they known what troubles would come of it, they might not have been so rash in falling in love...

But perhaps there was no way of avoiding it. Fate, karma, will... call it what you like, they were meant to be together. After all, in all the vastness of the universe they had been thrown together.

It seemed that even the undeniable force of their love was not as strong as the peculiar magnetic repulsion that was preventing them from coming within a two foot radius of each other.

A wise-man shaman of the Su-its (South Pole dwellers) explained it to them. Nobody could have warned them, for a Nord and a Su-it had never before met.

* On Early Earth the magnetic field is a strange and volatile thing. Not at all like it is today.

But we love each other. What can we do?
We aren't opposites. We are two halves of a whole.
Well yes. And how confusing is that? You are polar opposites and yet one and the same.

What shall we do?
I have no doubt that the overwhelming power of our love will eventually prove to be stronger than the magnetic field of our planet.
That's what I think. So you will still marry me?
Yes.

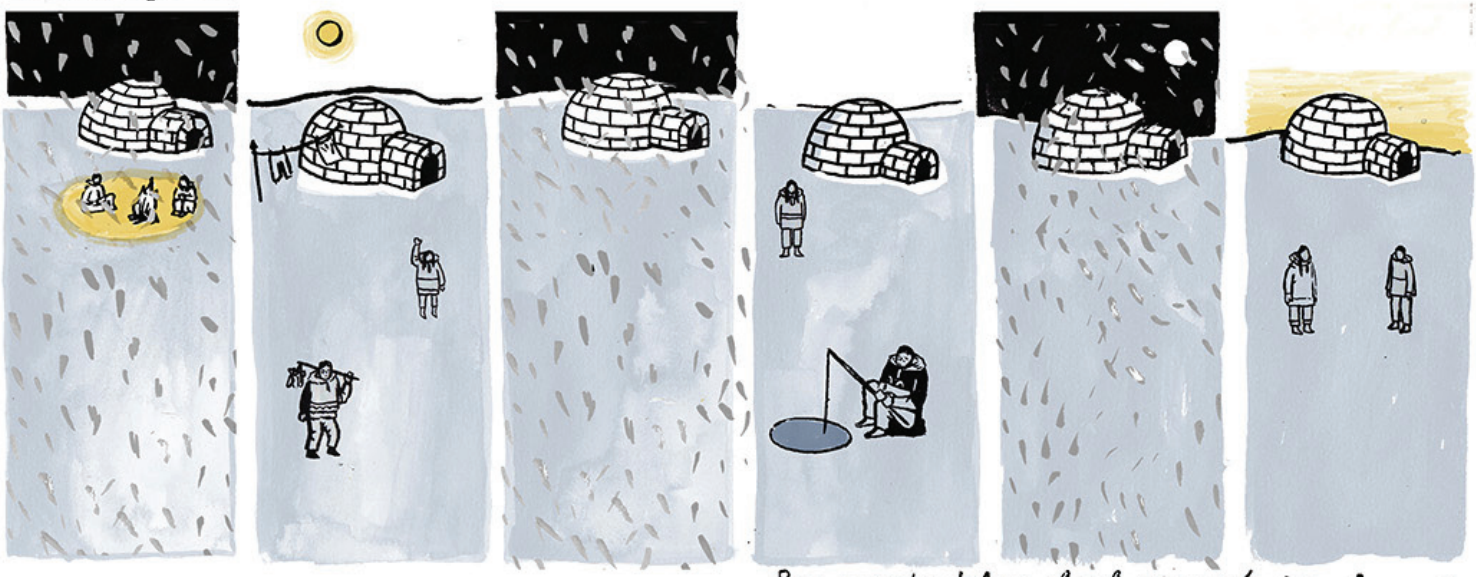
So they were married. 2 felt apart. Of course.

But of course they could not. So they kissed scraps of paper and blew them to each other.
(in fact many historians believe this was the first recorded instance of anyone blowing a kiss)
Like most newly-weds, they wanted to kiss each other all the time, and in those early years the chilly skies of the South Pole were alive with hundreds and hundreds of paper kisses, mingling with the snow flakes as they were swept away on the winds.

But there was only one way that they could feel the warmth of the other.

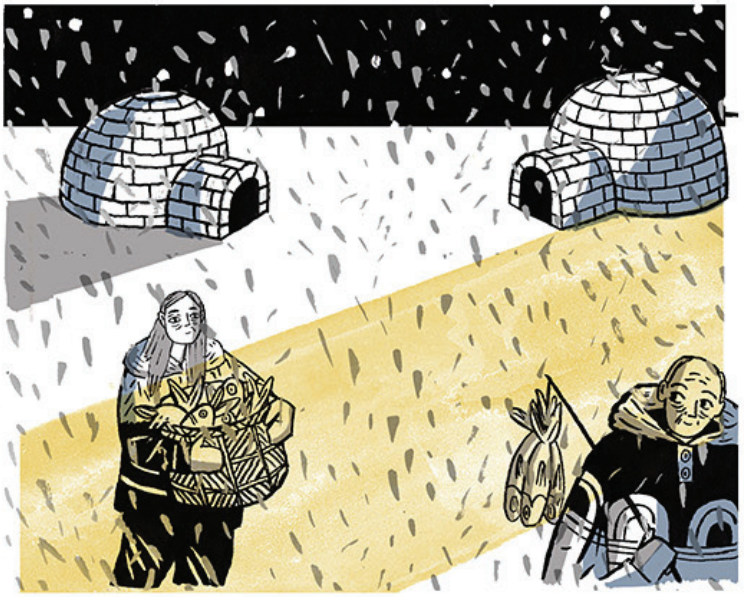
Each morning they would get up and swap sides of the bed. That way they could lay their heads in the impression the other had made in the pillow. And for a few moments, until the pillows cooled and the warmth faded, it was almost as though they were holding each other.

So the days became weeks, and the weeks became years, and still the magnetic force did not relent. They spent hours staring into each others eyes. And yet still they could not so much as brush fingertips.

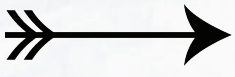


By seventy they had separate ice houses.

The strange thing was, that as the years went by they simply loved each other more. But the more it grew the fiercer the magnetic force became. By fifty they could not come within a metre each other.

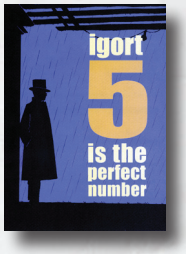


But finally, when they died within minutes of each other, they were set out in the same boat. In each others arms for the first and last time.



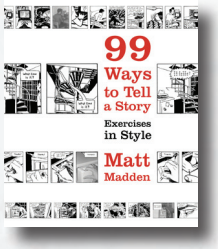
Visit the Jonathan Cape website for more information...

www.capegraphicnovels.co.uk



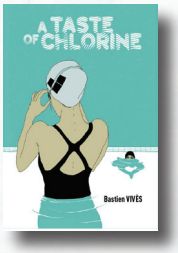
5 Is The Perfect Number

Igort



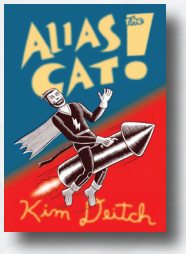
99 Ways to Tell a Story

Matt Madden



A Taste Of Chlorine

Bastien Vives

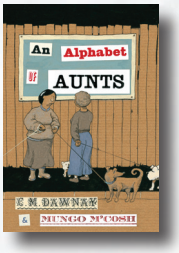


Alias the Cat

Kim Deitch

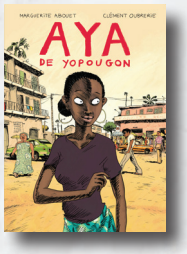
Alice in Sunderland
An Entertainment

Bryan Talbot



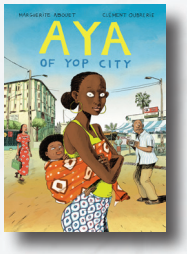
An Alphabet of Aunts

C. M. Dawnay & Mungo McCosh



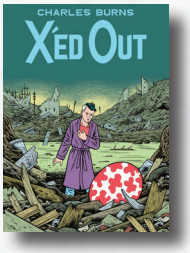
Aya

Marguerite Abouet &
Clément Oubrerie



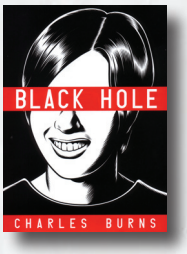
Aya of Yop City

Marguerite Abouet &
Clément Oubrerie



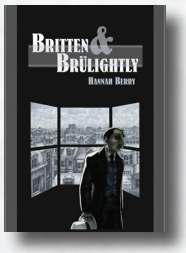
X'ed Out

Charles Burns



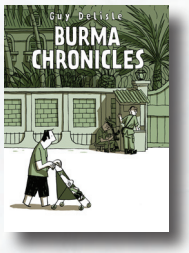
Black Hole

Charles Burns



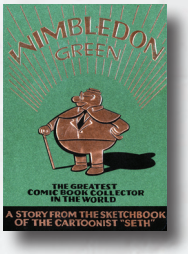
Britten and Brulightly

Hannah Berry



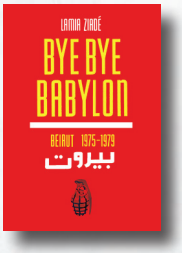
Burma Chronicles

Guy Delisle



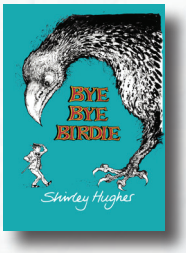
Wimbledon Green

Seth



Bye Bye Babylon

Lamia Ziade

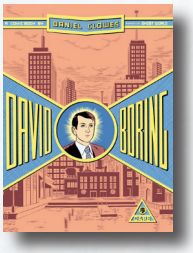


Bye Bye Birdie

Shirley Hughes

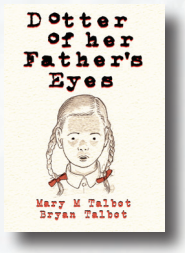
Coltrane

Paolo Parisi



David Boring

Daniel Clowes

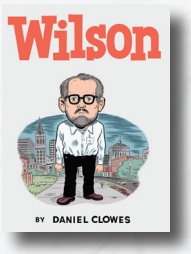


Dotter of Her Father's Eyes

Mary Talbot and Bryan Talbot

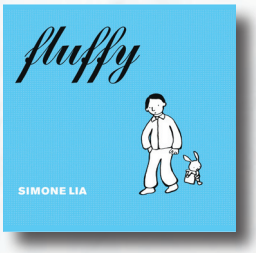
Exit Wounds

Rutu Modan



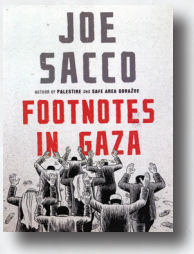
Wilson

Daniel Clowes



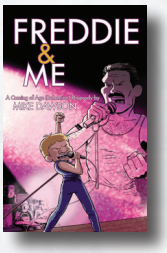
Fluffy

Simone Lia



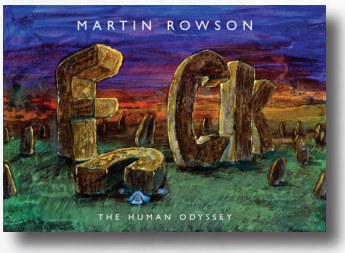
Footnotes in Gaza

Joe Sacco



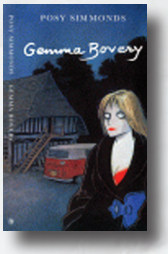
Freddie & Me

Mike Dawson



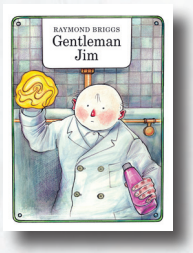
Fuck
The Human Odyssey

Martin Rowson



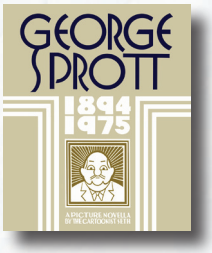
Gemma Bovery

Posy Simmonds



Gentleman Jim

Raymond Briggs



George Sprott

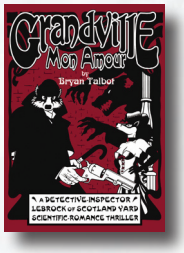
Seth

Ghost World

Daniel Clowes

Grandville

Bryan Talbot



Grandville: Mon Amour

Bryan Talbot

Hark! A Vagrant

Kate Beaton

I Like My Job

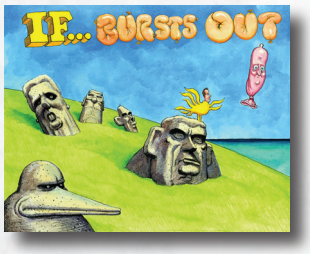
Sarah Herman

I'm Never Coming Back

Julian Hanshaw

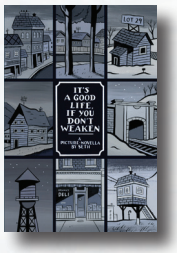
Ice Haven

Daniel Clowes



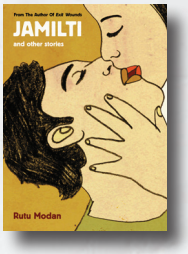
If ... Bursts Out

Steve Bell



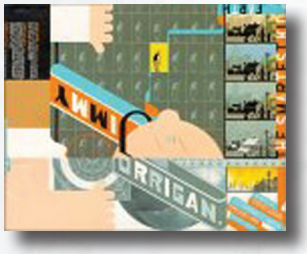
It's a Good Life, If You Don't Weaken

Seth



Jamilti and Other Stories

Rutu Modan



Jimmy Corrigan

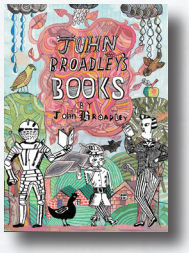
Chris Ware

Vignettes of Ystov

William Goldsmith

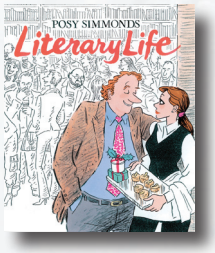
Walking the Dog

David Hughes



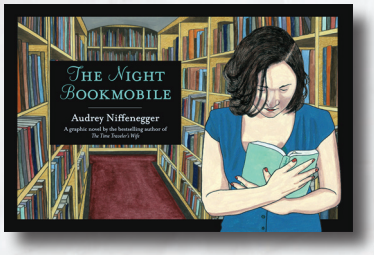
John Broadley's Books

John Broadley



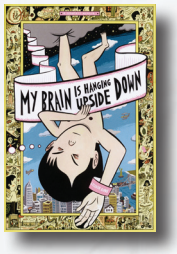
Literary Life

Posy Simmonds



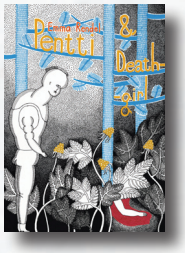
The Night Bookmobile

Audrey Niffenegger



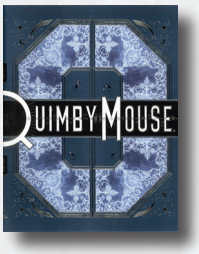
My Brain Is Hanging Upside Down

David Heatley



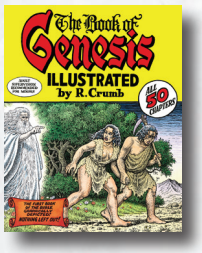
Pentti and Deathgirl

Emma Rendel



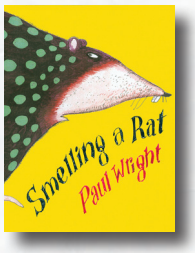
Quimby The Mouse

Chris Ware



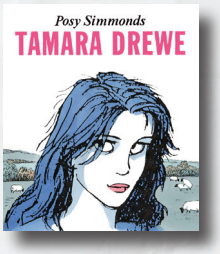
Robert Crumb's Book of Genesis

Robert Crumb



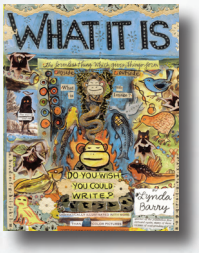
Smelling A Rat

Paul Wright



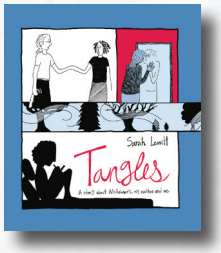
Tamara Drewe

Posy Simmonds



What It Is

Lynda Barry



Tangles: A Story About Alzheimer's, My Mother and Me

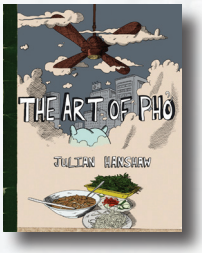
Sarah Leavitt

The Acme Novelty Library

Chris Ware

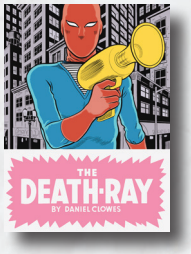
The Adventuress

Audrey Niffenegger



The Art of Pho

Julian Hanshaw

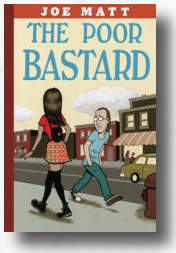


The Death Ray

Daniel Clowes

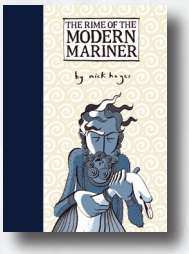
The Wrong Place

Brecht Evens



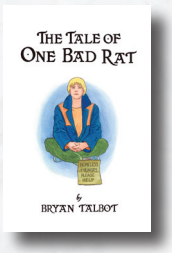
The Poor Bastard

Joe Matt



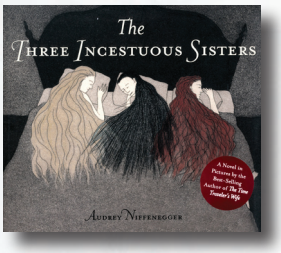
The Rime of the Modern Mariner

Nick Hayes



The Tale of One Bad Rat

Bryan Talbot



The Three Incestuous Sisters

Audrey Niffenegger

Mister Wonderful
A Love Story

Daniel Clowes